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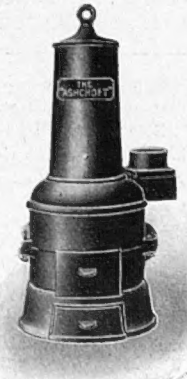

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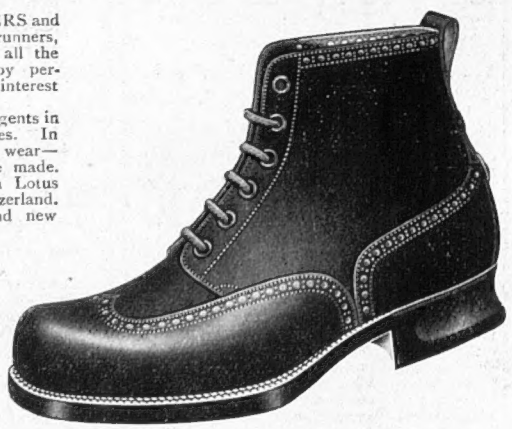

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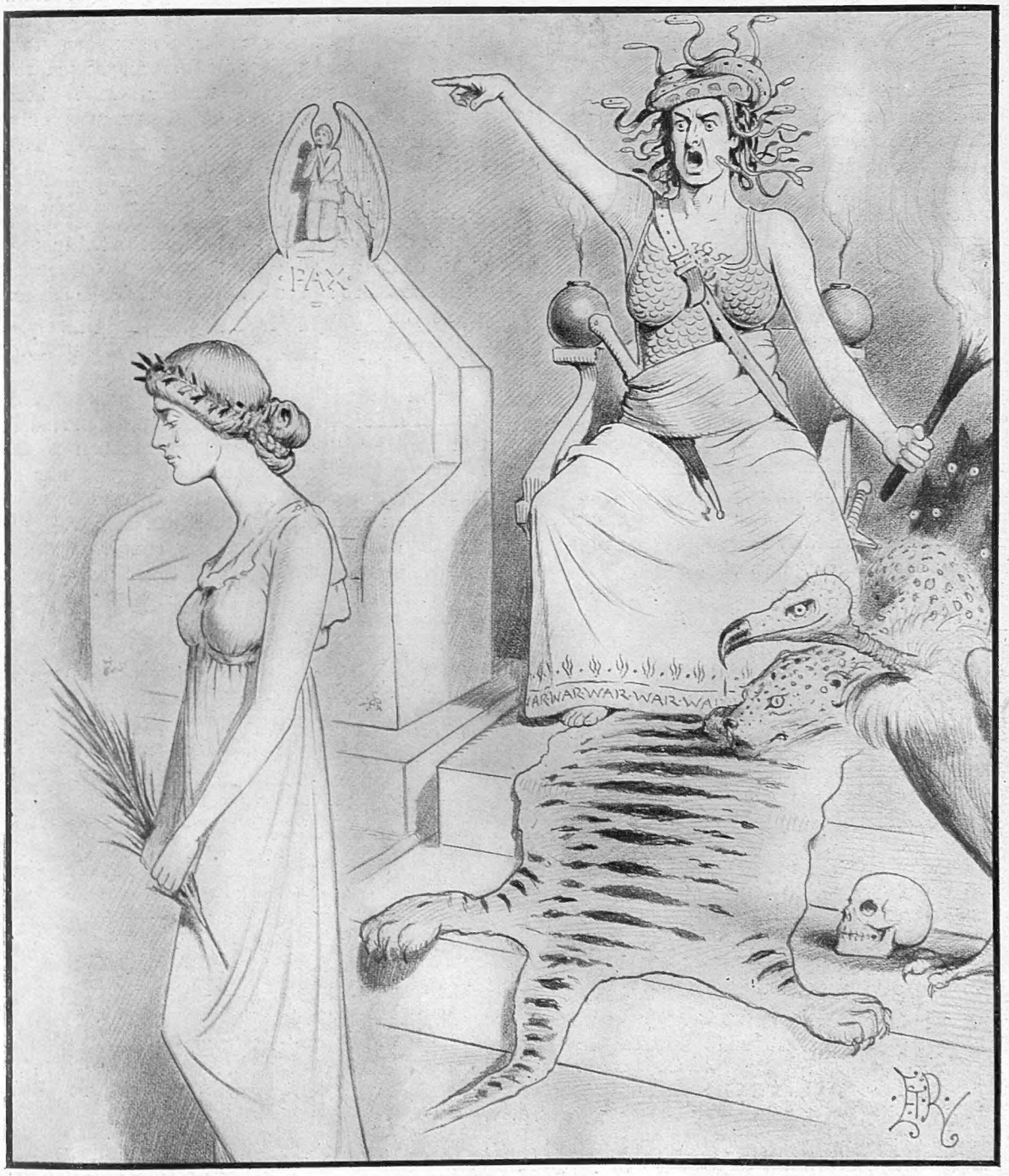

THE USURPER IN EUROPE; OR PEACE GOES INTO EXILE

BY E. T. REED

Bystander Comments

THE NEW OLIVE BRANCH?
Prince Lichnowsky, the new German Ambassador to England. We refrain from suggesting that he brings an "olive branch." From what we know of him, it is enough that he just brings himself and the Princess

War at Last

After a week's uncertainty, and a prolonged exchange of despatches between the disputants, war has been declared at last. Operations are to begin almost immediately, and no quarter is to be given or taken. . . . At least, so I gather from a perusal of Mrs. Pankhurst's actual speech at the Albert Hall.

* *
*

London's Peril

"I and my daughter" have chosen, for the resumption of wholesale smashing operations, a moment quite as dramatically apt as was the last. Then we were in the thick of the last of the various greatest calamities we have been engaged in since the Great Armada (the Coal Strike). This time we are spectators of other peoples' calamities. But again we are not to be allowed to watch a war in peace. The Pankhursts are determined that the words ringing in our ears shall not be Mustapha Pasha, but Must-have-a-vote. While the shopkeeper is trying to find the Sanjak on the map, he will find a brickbat through his window. The actualities of war are to be experienced by bazaars nearer home than Novi. And really, when one comes to think of it, the Suffragettes are more to us than all the five Balkan armies. If the Pankhursts do as they threaten, London can be made to look infinitely worse in half an hour than any one of the capitals of the warring States will look after six months.

Correspondents at the "Back"

As it is, the war correspondents appear to be not only less excited, but less well-informed as to military movements of the various forces than those they have left behind them. Daily we learn more as to their probable tactics during lunch-time at the club than we do from all the despatches from what is called the "front," but which would more accurately be described as the back. While the war correspondents appear to labour under the delusion that the various battles fought on the Montenegrin frontier have been victories for the Montenegrins only, we in London are perfectly aware that they have also been successes for the Turks.

* *
*

Overheard in Sofia

WAR CORRESPONDENT: "Hullo, Brown! Any news of the war?"

SECOND DITTO: "Dunno. Haven't had the London papers yet."

* *
*

Sublime Impudence

Only during one moment of last week did we waver in our pro-Balkan allegiance. It was on reading that the Turks, in their final proclamation to the Powers, had referred to the allied Governments as "the local authorities," and had reproached them for their "lack of respect for the Great Powers." We felt that a Porte capable of such humour at such a time truly deserved the title "Sublime," and ought not yet to be abolished.

ON THE ROAD TO ADRIANOPLE

Bulgarian Reservists marching through Sofia to the seat of war. The scenes in the capital are fully described by "The Bystander's" correspondent on opposite page

The Bystander in Sofia

By ARTHUR F. SHIRREFF

CONFIDENT SMILES

Of the Crown Prince of Greece and M. Venizelos (Minister of War). Our photograph was taken just before the departure of troops for the front

HE would, indeed, be dull and wanting in spirit, who could witness unmoved the sights that the streets of Sofia and every town and village through the country presented during the last ten days.

The average Englishman has on many occasions formed one of a cheering crowd while a few thousands of our British soldiers passed on their way to fight some wild, little-known enemy, living thousands of miles across the sea—the fight itself a foregone conclusion, and the whole matter a subject of passing interest.

If that Englishman wishes to get any idea of what has been going on in Sofia, let him imagine that he wakes up one morning to find all the banks, shops, and business offices closed, his favourite bar or club empty; all trams, 'buses, and cabs, with a few exceptions, have stopped running. And why? Because every man between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five is rushing with all speed to join his military unit.

The bakeries are going night and day, baking countless loaves for the troops. Along every road leading into the town come long lines of waggons piled with sacks of potatoes, meal, and onions. Crowds of young peasants striding along, singing their national songs, with here and there a few wild-looking shepherds, clad chiefly in goat-skins, all going to join their respective regiments, delighted at the idea that at last their chance has come to give the hated Turk the thrashing he so richly deserves.

KING PETER AND HIS PREMIER, M. PASITCH

Leaving the Servian Parliament House. The King proceeded last week to the front at Nisch, and has played throughout a dignified and courageous part in the crisis

The streets are crowded with still more waggons carrying camp equipment, ammunition, spare clothing, huge cooking-pots, etc., while every hour or two a regiment swings by amid frantic cheering on its way to the railway, where the troop trains of sixty to eighty waggons, each waggon holding fifty-five men or eight horses, with anything from twenty to forty more men on the roof, steam off on their way to the frontier.

Then let our Englishman remember that all these men are not going to fight a far-distant and insignificant tribe, but an enemy only a few miles away across a range of rugged mountains, an enemy who has proved himself a redoubtable foe in the past, and who has all the resources of civilisation to his hand, if he can only use them.

Who could fail to be moved at the sight of some 200 volunteers marching through a wildly cheering crowd? These 200 are veterans, men who have fought with the Russians against the Turks at Shipka, and afterwards against the Servians, when the Bulgarian Army drove the Servians in headlong rout over the Dragoman Pass from Slivnitza. These veterans were on their way to mount guard along the railways, or undertake such other work as their age might allow.

(Continued on page 185)

Local Indeed!

"Local authorities, are we?" King Ferdinand is reported to have said. "They'll find us a good deal more 'local' than they like before we've been long on the move."

* * *

'Twas Not on Trafalgar Day

They do not seem, these Balkan fellows, to have as good a sense as they should as to the significance of dates, otherwise the Montenegrins would have chosen October 21 (the anniversary of Trafalgar) for that naval battle against the Turkish gunboat on the Lake of Scutari instead of the 17th.

THE BUSIEST SURGEON IN THE WORLD

Doctor Matanovich, the only doctor in Podgoritza. He has been working day and night to relieve the sufferings of the wounded

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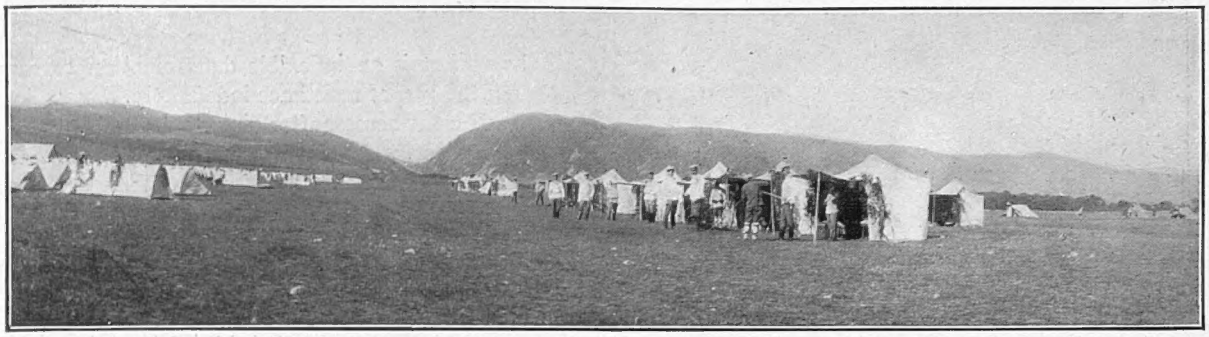
Actualities from the Scene of War



THE BULGARIAN CAMP AT KOSTENDIL, WHERE FIGHTING IS NOW TAKING PLACE

At the rear can be seen the mountains which form the Turco-Bulgarian frontier. This is where the Bulgarians were recently joined by a Servian army

(Specially photographed for "The Bystander")

An impressive sight was the departure of 5,000 reservists, all peasants from the surrounding villages, hard as nails, able to withstand any amount of cold and exposure, and to live well on bread, with, perhaps, a bit of cheese, or an onion (as a matter of fact they will get good strong soup twice a day).

No uniforms had been served out; they were clad in their national dress of sheepskin coat, coarse white cloth trousers, and sandals. Each man had rifle, bayonet, and bandolier. They swung by with a long, easy stride, every rugged face stern and set.

If some of King Ferdinand's troops are a little unevenly uniformed, they still have the main essentials which go to make a first-class fighting man, namely, temperance, obedience, pluck, enthusiasm, a splendid constitution backed up by a good rifle, and a knowledge of how to use it.

And what of the women? They have behaved splendidly. A woman rushes out of the cheering crowd to give husband, son, or brother a last embrace as his regiment goes by; there is never any sign of tears. Some of the faces may be a little white and drawn, but the women send their menfolk off with a "Come back on your shield or with it" air that is fine to see.

Every man carries a flower or two, or a sprig of green stuff, generally stuck into the muzzle of his rifle.

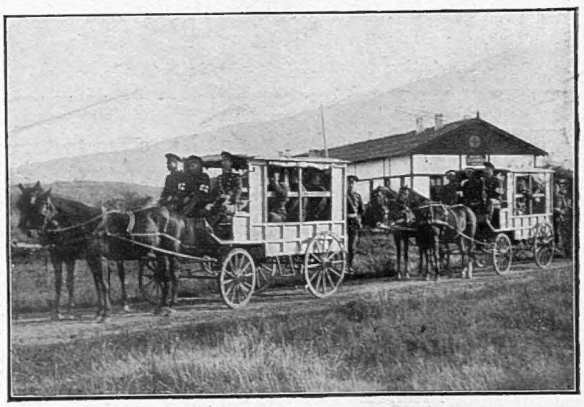
The officers, for the most part, are smart, soldierly men, in the prime of life, all eager to show their mettle, especially at the expense of the hated Turk.

As they march or ride at the head of their men their tunics are a mass of flowers, little bouquets pinned on wherever room could be found.

Sofia is under a mild form of martial law. All cafés, beer-halls, etc., have to be closed by 11 p.m., and people generally are expected to be indoors by that hour.

The prices of foodstuffs, especially bread, are not to be raised, under a heavy penalty. No rents are to be collected or debts paid for three months.

ARTHUR F. SHIRREFF



TWO BULGARIAN RED CROSS AMBULANCES AT KOSTENDIL

(Specially photographed for "The Bystander")

SERVIAN TROOPS AT SOFIA ON THE WAY TO KOSTENDIL (SERVIAN CONSUL MARKED WITH A CROSS)

(Specially photographed for "The Bystander")

BYSTANDERS AT THE FRONT

British War Correspondents at Podgoritza, where actual fighting has taken place at the moment of going to press

The Tripoli War

IS IT REALLY OVER?

By G. F. ABBOTT

Author of "The Holy War in Tripoli"

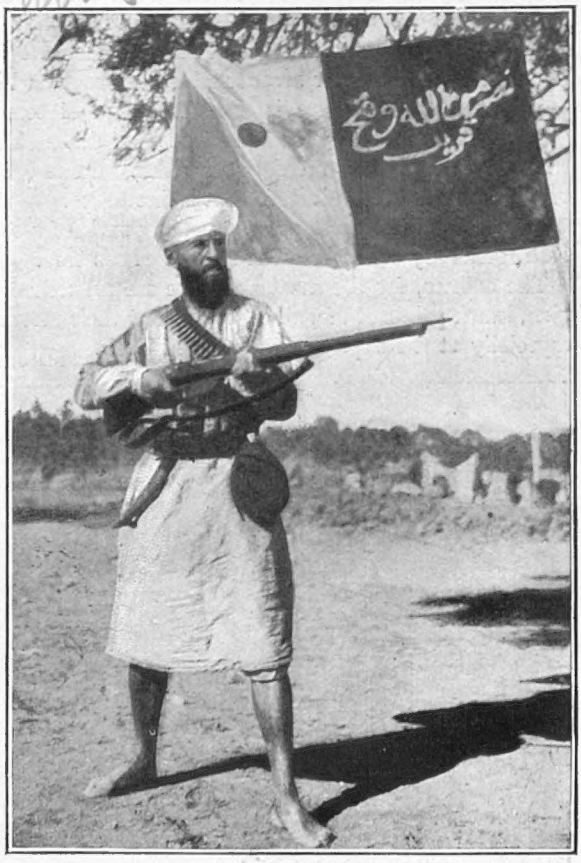
TURKEY and Italy have at last come to terms about Tripoli. A treaty between the two Governments has been signed. And King Victor's subjects are singing pæans to themselves. But does it follow that peace has been secured and that the Italians have really obtained by the pen the province which they failed to conquer by the sword?

This question I, for one, do not hesitate to answer in the negative. My scepticism is not due to constitutional perversity. It is based upon considerations of fact, the weight of which can neither be denied nor discounted. In the first place, nearly all the officers of the Turkish forces in the field, during the months I spent with them, assured me repeatedly that, even if their Government were compelled by troubles nearer home to abandon Tripoli to the enemy, they would throw up their commissions and continue the war until either the invaders were driven out of the country or they themselves were killed. "Better—infinitely better," they said, "to die fighting than to commit suicide!"

But whatever the Turks do or fail to do, in truth, matters very little. The Tripolitan campaign, though carried on under the Turkish flag, owes most of its vitality to Arab feeling. What that feeling is can be stated in a few sentences. It is an intense love of liberty, embittered by a thirst of vengeance not less intense, and strengthened by the hope of plunder. For the Arabs are very fond of independence, very resentful of injury, very needy and very greedy. To these sentiments that impel them to fight must be added another—a profound contempt for an enemy who, despite his manifold advantages of numbers, science, and equipment, has so conspicuously failed to impress them.

The upshot is an inflexible determination to carry on the war of resistance indefinitely. Every Arab warrior I came across, after giving vent to his feelings on the subject, would invariably end up his vehement harangue with the words: "Let the Sultan make peace if he likes. We will go on fighting the Italian *Kelab* (curs) for sixty years"—"sixty years" being a common Arabic expression meaning "for ever." I have heard this declaration from the lips of *mujaheddin* (holy warriors) of all ages and conditions so often that I cannot entertain the least doubt about their sincerity of purpose. Their capacity of translating it into practice is equally unquestionable to anyone acquainted with their character. They are men to whom fear is as little known as fatigue. They can subsist cheerfully on a handful of oatmeal a day. And they firmly believe that their cause is a just cause, that their war is a "holy war," and that the wages of death is everlasting bliss.

Their conviction of the holiness of their cause and their determination to vindicate it at all costs are constantly invigorated by the impassioned exhortations of enthusiastic *marabouts* who go to and fro preaching resistance to the unbeliever. I had the good fortune to make the friendship of one of these preachers—a missionary, Mohammed el Kiani by name, who had traversed the Sahara and travelled across Asia as far as Afghanistan more than once, endeavouring to stir



MOHAMMED EL KIANI

One of the Pan-Islamic missionaries who has roused the Sahara against Italy, making it seem probable that the "peace" concluded in Tripoli will be quite illusory. A translation of the inscription on his banner is given in the text on page 187

Something Like a Frontier!

WHAT STANDS BETWEEN GREECE AND TURKEY

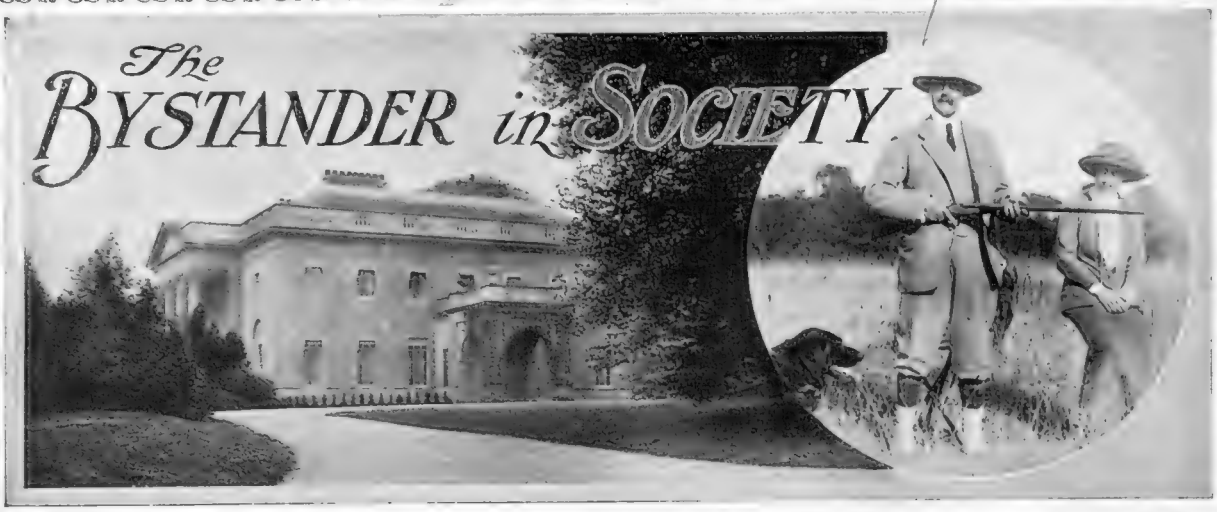
View of Stagus Kalabaka, near the Turkish and Greek frontiers, where the Turks and Greeks are sure to meet in the early stages of the war. Such a frontier, no matter by whom negotiated, will need some crossing!

up the Moslem world to a crusade against its infidel aggressors. He confided to me his belief that the day of which he had dreamed all his life is at hand, that the Italian assault upon Tripoli has inflamed all the Moslems of Africa, to say nothing of Asia, as no former assault had inflamed them, and that its failure has revealed to them the possibility of resisting successfully the armies of a great European Power. His views shared by millions of true believers, were summed up in a sacred text embroidered on his banner: "*Nasrun min Allah wa fethun Karib*"—Victory is from God and conquest near.

Nor is that all. Even if the Porte were genuinely anxious to persuade the Arabs to lay down their arms, I am convinced that it lacks the power of doing so. The Arabs never evinced any great inclination to obey the Porte's behests, and in this case they are in a position to say to the Turks: "Was it not you who instigated us to resist the invaders? How dare you then advise us now to submit to them? How dare you leave us in the lurch?" Nay, it is safe to go further still and to predict that the Porte will prove powerless to withdraw even its own troops from Tripoli. For these troops are only a few hundreds in the midst of thousands of Arab fighters who, judging from certain incidents that occurred during my sojourn among them, would not scruple to slay any Turk who attempted to desert them. Such, in brief and bare outline, is the actual situation, and, unless I am grievously mistaken, it constitutes in itself a sufficient guarantee that the peace just signed will turn out to be worth no more than the paper on which it is written.

G. F. Abbott

The BYSTANDER in SOCIETY



Photograph *Righton*

CHILTON LODGE, HUNGERFORD

Where the King will shoot this week as the guest of the Hon. John and Mrs. Ward

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. WARD

Entertaining the King at Chilton Lodge, Hungerford

A Royal Prerogative

SOUVENT femme varie might with equal justice be transposed into *souvent roi varie*, to judge by the extreme uncertainty where any statement of His Majesty's plans is concerned. It is true that in many instances his movements must, of necessity, be guided by the trend of political affairs, but in not a few cases it has been merely "change of mind." *That* is a privilege accorded to women—and Royalties, and as such should cause no surprise. Since the beginning of the last reign, however, Society had become so accustomed to knowing that once the late King had planned definitely to go to any one place, whether for shooting or racing, his plan would be adhered to, that it finds it difficult to reconcile itself to uncertainty. All of which, moreover, adds greatly to the difficulties of life for the Bystander in Society, who intends in future to adopt, with reference to proposed Royal movements, the Asquithian motto of "Wait and See."

The New German Ambassador

Prince Lichnowsky's appointment as German Ambassador in London will cause considerable pleasure to many people in England, as his Excellency has many friends here, particularly in Roman Catholic circles. The Prince comes from an old Catholic Silesian family, and he is an extremely wealthy man, possessing vast estates in his own country. He wrote a very frank article last year in the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*, in which he discussed Anglo-German relations with more freedom than was thought desirable by many important personages in Berlin. The German Embassy will now be the scene of much lavish entertaining, as the Prince is most hospitable, and one of the reasons why he was chosen for the appointment was to ensure that the Embassy would once again indulge in those diplomatic receptions which Count Wolf-Metternich allowed to drop.

A Famous Edwardian Hostess

The death of Lady Savile leaves a blank in the most prominent ranks of Society hostesses which will be felt by an enormous circle. Her health has not been good since the end of the last reign, angina pectoris having already developed, but she was a woman of indomitable energy, and even so recently as last spring, when reproached by her friends for trying to go about so much, she remarked, "I am so afraid people will think me a *malade imaginaire*, and I simply will not fall into a state of chronic invalidism." There was probably no visit the late King enjoyed so much as his annual stay at Rufford Abbey for the Doncaster autumn races, but since his death there has been comparatively little entertaining there on account of Lady Savile's increasing weakness.

A Beauty's Recipe

Lady Curzon, famous as she is for her beauty of feature and colouring, does not seem to aspire to be *femme savante* as well as *femme belle*. At a dinner-party last season she was taken in by a young nobleman who had met her several times, but had never before had an opportunity to test her conversational powers. As in duty bound, he tried to start a subject of interest to his beautiful neighbour—golf, tennis, boating, politics, music, art—each in turn were started and cut short by the monosyllabic replies of the Queen of Beauty. In desperation, he asked, "Don't you do anything?" "No," replied her ladyship, "I just do nothing. The only way to keep young and beautiful is not to think, and not to get enthusiastic." Which suggests that on occasions the lady must have thought a lot.

Winter Resorts

There is just now a game of "General Post" going on in Society, a variation of movements, of *va et vient*, which will continue more or less until after the New Year. The Riviera has proved itself so fickle in climatic conditions during the past few years that, as one Society woman remarked the other day, it is—for a time, at least—"played out," and more southern spots are being sought for. Algiers promises to be popular for those to whom a warmer atmosphere than England can provide is a necessity at this time of year, and several well-known people have already planned to winter there. Still, Algiers can be very cold, too, if it tries hard enough.

The Riviera

There are, however, always a certain number of people who never fail to go to the Riviera for at least two months of the year, but these are what may be termed the old residents at Cannes, or those who own

Their Excellencies the Enemies

DIPLOMATS WHO WAGE THE BALKAN WAR IN LONDON

Photograph *Barrett*

SERVIA

M. GROUITCH
Chargé d'Affaires in London

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

GREECE

M. JOANNES GENNADIOS
Minister in London

Photograph *Swaine*

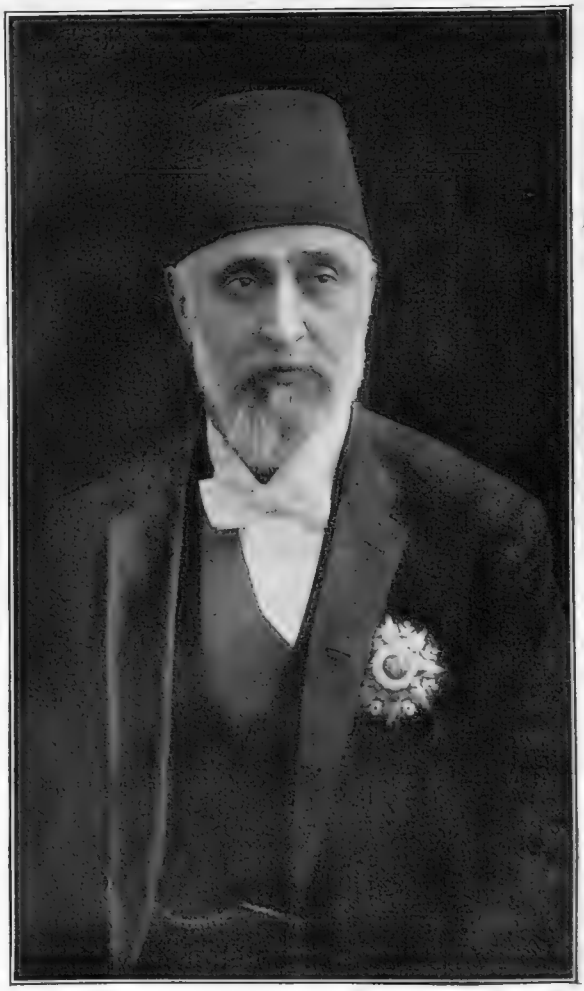
MONTENEGRO

COL. SIR J. ROPER PARKINGTON, D.L., J.P.
Consul General.

Photograph *Topical*

BULGARIA

M. DMITRI TSOKOFF
Minister in London



Photograph *Apollon*

TURKEY

H.E. TEWFIK PACHA
Ambassador in London

Scarcely a day elapses at present but one or other of the above gentlemen finds his way to the British Foreign Office. While the war rages, there is the constant need to keep the right side of the nation whose navy could, an it would, settle the whole issue decisively by a visit to Constantinople

Photograph] MRS. J. J. ASTOR [*Lallie Charles*

Known over here as Mrs. Ava Astor, to distinguish her from the late Colonel Astor's second wife, has closed her London house for the winter in order to be hostess for her son, Mr. Vincent Astor, in New York. She is very popular in London circles, but has not as yet entertained on any extensive scale

villas in various parts of the littoral. Mrs. Arthur Wilson has her own house at Beaulieu, to which she always goes; the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby own a very charming home at Cannes, the Villa Kazbeck, where they regularly entertain a succession of friends and get up tennis and golf tournaments. Lady Alfred Paget, until last year, regularly spent each winter at her house, the Villa Garibondy, which stands high on a hill, Au Cannet, but now her great age prevents her from taking so long a journey.

Stuttgart

Meanwhile many people are preparing to go on to Stuttgart, to be present at the production of Strauss's new opera. These, of course, include the musical enthusiasts, of whom are Lady Ripon, Lady Cunard, Lady Maud Warrender, Sir Edgar and Lady Speyer, and half a dozen others, who think nothing of a trip across Europe for the sake of hearing some absolutely new musical composition.

At the Seat of War

The war in the Balkans affects a considerable number of the diplomatic circle in London, and several of the ladies are collecting money to send help to the wounded and the widows and children of those killed. For instance, Mme. Grouitch, wife of the Servian Minister, and an American by birth, has gone to America to collect funds for the Red Cross Society in Servia, and will be absent from England for two months, for she intends going as far west as Chicago on her mission of charity. Among those who are out in the midst of the turmoil and strife are Lady Ralph Paget, daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Paget, whose husband is English Minister at Belgrade, and Lady Lowther, the American wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, who was recently staying in Scotland as the guest of Sir Basil and Lady Montgomery at Kinross.

The Charm of Diplomacy

By-the-by, what a number of American women marry into diplomacy. It would seem that, in spite of the telegraph wire, which has done so much to turn attachés, and even ambassadors, into mere mouthpieces of the Foreign Secretary, the name "diplomat" has lost little of its old mystery and charm.

A Plutocratic Centre

Curzon Street, by the way, seems to be losing favour among older and quieter residents, and is fast becoming the centre of abode for plutocrats; not only has the Duchess of Marlborough her home there, just opposite to Crewe House, which latter, somehow, never looks either quite finished or very imposing, but here, too, is to be found Sir Rufus Isaacs, who took over the late Miss Van Wart's house, next to that which has just been purchased by Sir Alexander Kleinwort, of banking fame. Opposite to these are the homes of Mrs. Bradley Martin and Lady Craven, while further up, and facing the whole length of Curzon Street, keeping an eye, as it were, upon the increase of moneyed inhabitants, is Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's house. The disciples of the Christian Science movement evidently agree with "Robbie Burns's" advice to "go where money is," for one of their "temples"

guards the other extreme of this street, which exemplifies in its inhabitants almost every rank of London life and the metamorphosis of London Society.

An Interesting Land-Taxer

Mr. Hemmerde, who has been so prominent lately in connection with the land taxes, and a certain week-end spent as the guest of Baron de Forest, is probably one of the most resolute members of the Liberal party. And if gossip speaks truly, the boy was father of the man. There is a story told of him at Winchester that one day he announced his intention of "getting into Lords"—the Wykehamical expression for becoming a member of the cricket eleven. At the time he showed no particular promise, and everybody was inclined to scoff at the self-confidence of the boy. But "get into Lords" he did, and duly played against Eton in the annual match between the two schools. I confess I am doubtful as to his ultimate success with the land taxes, his determination notwithstanding, but should he wish to attain the honour of the "Lords" in the Parliamentary sense—well, that is quite another matter.

"A Home of Rest"

The Duchess of Marlborough is one of those intensely active women who, even when they are supposed to be taking a holiday, are busy making plans for future work. During her stay in Scotland she has been laying the foundation of a new charity, which will prove an untold boon to many an overworked young girl. With a view to founding a home of rest for young women who earn their daily bread by typewriting, she has for some time been on the look-out for a country place not too far from Town, which she could convert to this use, and has finally secured "Little Esher Place," close to Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent's home. So far, that is all that has been accomplished; but now that the Duchess of Marlborough is back in Town she has begun in good earnest to organise the work and bring the scheme into completion to insure everything being ready by the spring of next year. It is pleasant still to find in England people who prefer to try and help those who do their best to help themselves. I had begun to think that they had all been annihilated by the Socialists.

Transfers of Town Houses

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are giving up their Town house, 11, Portman Square, having disposed of it to Mrs. Adair, who, in her turn, has sold her house in Curzon Street, which she has occupied for so many years. In consequence of these pending transactions, Mrs. Adair was obliged to defer her departure for her Californian ranch until this week, as she is arranging to hand over the possession of her house to the new tenants at Christmas. Several other large West End houses will also have changed hands by next season. Lord and Lady Islington, who are on their way home, will, it is expected, take over their own house in Chesterfield Gardens again, this having been occupied during their absence by Lord and Lady Ancaster, who previously rented Lord and Lady Minto's house in Audley Square during the latter's official residence in India.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

COUNTESS ANNESLEY

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miller Mundy, and was a widow when she married Lord Annesley in 1909. She is very devoted to yachting, a taste inherited from her father, who is a well-known yachtsman

The Frail and Frenzied Zaza

Miss Ethel Warwick, who has an extensive following at the popular theatres, has achieved very considerable success with her impersonation of the politely improper Zaza at the Queen's Theatre. Miss Warwick's handsome appearance and her energetic display of deep emotion should attract all admirers of "intense" melodrama

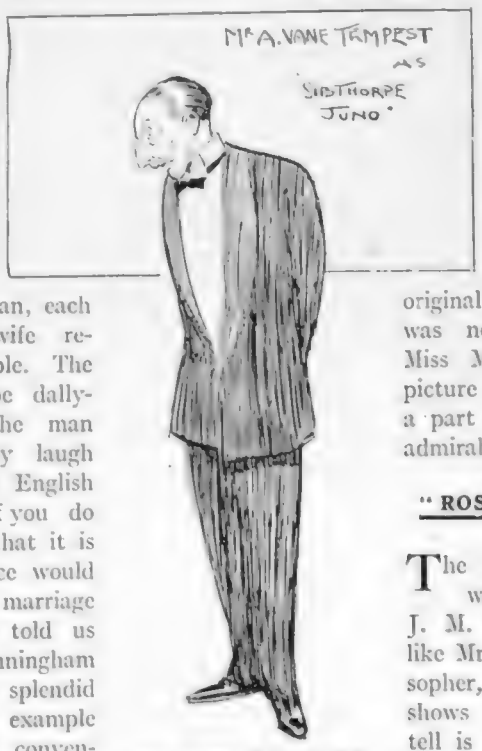
London Nights Entertainments

THREE PLAYS AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"OVERRULED": A DEMONSTRATION. BY BERNARD SHAW

THERE have been many attempts to establish in London an evening's entertainment consisting of three separate plays, but I do not think the public has ever looked with any great favour on the idea. Nevertheless, there seems no reason why it should not be popular. It is only a question of the plays selected. Mr. Charles Frohman, I fancy, has not made a very happy choice in this respect, in spite of the fact that he has chosen the leading dramatists of our time to assist him in his experiment. Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, which opens the ball, is something of a disappointment. He begins with a man and a woman making love to each other on a settee, a situation that makes all things possible. As the woman is another man's wife, and the man is another woman's husband, it would seem at first as though we were in for a gloriously reckless display of Shavian pyrotechnics. But we do not get much farther than an elementary disquisition on Determinism. The man does not want to make love to the woman because he knows it will be wrong to do so: but his nature and environment are too much for him, and his only excuse is the Frenchman's eternal *"C'est plus fort que moi!"*

A foil is supplied to this man and woman by the sudden appearance of the other man and the other woman, each to each, the husband and wife respectively of the indiscreet couple. The new arrivals also appear to be dallying with a guilty passion, the man securing at least one hearty laugh by enunciating the grand old English view that it doesn't matter if you do wrong, so long as you admit that it is wrong. The moral of the piece would seem to be that conventional marriage is a failure: but Mr. Shaw told us that long ago. And, as Mr. Cunningham Grahame loves to preach, a splendid failure is worth more as an example than a cheap success, and conventional marriage will, no doubt, exist till Mr. Shaw's dream of the economic independence of women becomes an accomplished fact, and wedlock, or whatever the ladies choose to substitute for it, is established on lines that meet with their august approval.



As he appears in "Overruled" (Sketched by Norman Morrow)

"THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD": A FANTASY. BY ARTHUR PINERO

'Twas in the reign of George the Third (which sounds like the commencement of a Happy-Saturday-Night recitation). A blushing widow—oh, I beg your pardon; it is *not* impossible. The widow is only seventeen, and these things make a difference. She conducts a country inn and the farmland adjoining, and is remarkable for her knowledge of agriculture and its allied industries. People wonder where she gets all her information from; but that is where we have the advantage over the uninitiated, because we see the ghost of her late husband stroll out of the chimney-corner and clear up his widow's perplexities by giving her tips on turnips and cures for cows. A young stranger who has fallen in love with the blushing widow (I really must insist on it) becomes furiously jealous of the ghost; but at last the ghost has the good sense to go back to where he belongs, and the widow swoons for joy, and the curtain falls. The story is certainly an original one; but I regret to say that it was not very generously received. Miss Margery Maude made a dainty picture of the young and lovely widow, a part which, indeed, she played most admirably.

"ROSALIND": A COMEDY. BY J. M. BARRIE

The most charming play of the three was, I think, unquestionably Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Rosalind*. Mr. Barrie, like Mr. Shaw, is a teacher and a philosopher, but, unlike Mr. Shaw, he never shows his hand. The story he has to tell is by no means new, and yet he handles it with such a rare delicacy

and neatness that it does not occur to us at the moment that we have heard it before. It is the old story of the young man who falls in love with a beautiful young actress on the stage, and on meeting her in private life learns that his ideal of youth and beauty is a lady who admits quite cheerfully that she is forty and a bittuck (as they say in Scotland). The young man has a photograph of his beautiful young actress, which he wears next his heart in a case that contains also a photograph of a favourite sister. It had been his sister's wish that he should place the portrait of *the* young lady opposite her own, so that when the case was folded they might seem to be kissing one another!

In "The Widow of Wasdale Head"

It is an exquisite moment in the play when the lady takes her portrait from the case and tears it up before the young man's eyes without a word, leaving the action to speak for itself. The difference between the elaborately touched-up photograph and the original is all the difference between giddy youth and comfortable middle age. Miss Violet Vanbrugh makes a charming but quite futile attempt to persuade us that she is as old as she claims to be; though, this very happy defect apart, she invests the character of the middle-aged actress with a delightfully human quality. Comparisons, as my friend, W. Shakespeare, remarks in one of his more playful moods, are odorous, but the inclusion of three plays by different authors in one programme practically challenges comparison of some sort. Mr. Shaw, for instance, who has usually something interesting to say, and a very agreeable way of saying it, spins his play out, as it were, merely for the pleasure of continuing to hear the sound of his own voice; while Sir Arthur Pinero's protracted hesitation to bring his play to its obvious conclusion is not readily defensible from the artistic standpoint. Mr. Barrie's contribution to the evening's entertainment was just an orgie of sweetness and light from first to last, and the house was properly grateful to him accordingly.

JINGLE

In "The Widow of Wasdale Head"

In "Rosalind"

A Scrape o' the Pen on "A Scrape o' the Pen"

Those playgoers who have refrained from seeing *A Scrape o' the Pen* out of fear that the author has attempted to perform the impossible feat of giving us another *Bunty* may reassure themselves. Mr. Moffat's second Scots comedy is worthy to be judged entirely on its own merits. It is, as its name suggests, a "Scrape o' the Pen," in plot the weest bairn of a thing. But the charm of it is irresistible. Had there never been a *Bunty*, and this play had been Mr. Moffat's first production, we should all of us have gone almost as crazy over it. I strongly commend the Comedy Theatre as the place wherein to lose any "dourness" one may have acquired in these days of fog—and war.

V. C.

Winter Opera

It is now definitely decided that the proposed autumn season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden must be postponed until January, when Mr. Thomas Beecham will be responsible for the production of Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*. Mr. Beecham is inaugurating a new series of concerts at the Palladium, and is then going over to Paris, where he will introduce *Elektra* to the musical world over there.

In "Rosalind"
(Sketches by Norman Morrow)

Actresses Who Are Suffragettes

A PAGE THAT MAY MAKE CONVERTS TO A CHEQUERED CAUSE

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*
MISS EVA MOORE

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*
MISS CHRISTINE SILVER

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*
MISS LENA ASHWELL

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*
MISS MARIE TEMPEST

Photograph *Rita Martin*
MISS ALICE CRAWFORD

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*
MISS DECIMA MOORE

Photograph *Lover Street Studios*
MISS ADELINE BOURNE

Photograph *Langfier*
MRS. SABA RALEIGH

At the reception which Miss Marie Tempest, on behalf of the Actresses' Franchise League, held recently at the Criterion, some 300 people were present. It is interesting to note that nearly all the well-known actresses are in favour of the vote, and we reproduce above portraits of some of those associated with the Actresses' Franchise League

Plevlie, the chief town of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, territory which Austria refuses to allow to be annexed by Servia

WITH WHOM SHOULD WE SYMPATHISE?

A FURTHER PLEA FOR THE BALKAN STATES

To sympathise with somebody in a war is a necessity, if one is to read war news with any interest. In the present great struggle the British public is undecided in the main, because it is hopelessly bewildered as to what are the issues and even as to who are the belligerents. Of those that have mastered the essential fact that the war is between, on the one hand, the Balkan League (Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro), and the Ottoman Empire on the other, people who sympathise openly with the League do so in the sporting belief that they are Davids allied against Goliath. Those who favour the Turk argue that he is, at all events, a first-rate fighting man and a "good fellow": also, they will wisely assure you, we are a Mohammedan Power, and to league ourselves against the Padishah is to sign our death warrant in India.

As the pro-Balkans are recruited largely from the ranks of the Radicals, there looks to be a considerable chance that Conservatives, when they make up their minds, will do so on the Turkish side of the fence. The "first-rate fellow" and the "Mohammedan Power" idea will prove conclusive. As a result, therefore, British opinion is exceedingly likely, before the war has advanced very far, to be largely sympathetic to Turkey. For our part, we have consistently advocated the Balkan cause, and shall do so, be the fortunes of war what they may, and out of neither Radicalism, of which we possess the barest tincture in our composition, nor sentimentalism. We advocate the Balkan cause because it is British policy not to set itself against the progressive forces in world politics. Sooner or later these forces will win, and it is a first-rate British asset to retain the reputation of being "in with" the rising rather than the falling nations.

Having in the King of Bulgaria a man with a fixed idea, the Balkans have now been welded into a federation. Sooner or later, the differences

THE MAN WITHIN THE DIPLOMAT

M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister at Belgrade, who, after presenting the Austro-Russian Note on behalf of the Powers to the Servian Government, created astonishment in diplomatic circles by accompanying the Servian army to the front. Bravo, M. Hartwig!

THE COMMANDING FORCE OF THE SERVIAN ARMY

The twenty-five Generals and officers depicted in the above photograph represent the directing power of the Servian Army whose numerical strength amounts to about 175,000 men

between the various States will be swept away, and the Peninsula will become at least as solid a political unit as were Germany and Italy, and North America and South Africa and Australia before they were respectively united in one central government.

For us, when the Balkan States become an Empire, to be looked at askance as the one-time champions of liberty who stood in the way of their own emancipation, would be, apart altogether from sentiment, exceedingly bad business. As a counterpoise to Teutonism, a free Slavonic State would be invaluable as a diplomatic asset. If we stand in the way of advancing Slavdom, with Russia at its back, we shall certainly risk our Eastern Empire in another way. For a hostile Balkan Empire, with the Greek seaboard and islands allied, would be indeed a lion in our path to India. On abstract grounds, there is the essential fact that the Balkan States do stand for the principle of free constitutional government. No one of them is an autocracy, and each of them could, if it willed, change its form of government tomorrow. There is liberty in the Balkan States; and do we not pretend to stand for the extension—as Mr. Lloyd George put it—"of the boundaries of freedom and good government"?

MEN OF RESPONSIBILITY

The Russian, Austro-Hungarian, and German Ministers (left to right) leaving the Servian Parliament House after the opening

The argument that the Turk is a good fellow is all very well. But nobody desires the destruction of the Turk. All that is hoped for is that he will retire across the Sea of Marmora into his vast domains in Asia Minor, where he will be able to apply his methods of government to people of his own race and religion, for whom they are doubtless best suited, and to leave races who belong to the Christian family to apply their own methods to themselves.

To conclude with a reference to the argument that we are a Mohammedan Power, and that to oppose the Turks will be to sacrifice our Indian Empire. The reply is that in Europe we are a Christian Power, and must act accordingly. India is not concerned in the form of government that exists in Macedonia. Mohammedans are not necessarily in favour of Turkish administrative methods, which have nothing whatever to do with their religion. The Turk is only one — and by no means the most distinguished — among the Mohammedan Powers. If Moslems acquiesce in British rule in Egypt and India and French rule in Algeria and Morocco, why are we to suppose them to be hostile to Christian rule in Macedonia? The whole argument is not worth the paper that it is written on. England is not called on to abdicate her duties as a missioner of civilisation in one continent out of fear for the non-existent susceptibilities of the inhabitants of another, and it will be an excellent day for England when Englishmen realise that England is great or small according to the extent to which she acts as England, and not as that somewhat soulless formula, the British Empire.

THE WAR FEVER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Every patriotic Ottoman is infected with war fever, Turkey obviously being determined to resist to the last any attempt to curtail her power in the Balkan Peninsula. Our photograph is striking proof, not only of the enthusiasm now prevailing in Constantinople, but of the popularity of Great Britain, whose embassy is being cheered by the passing crowd

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

INNOCENT people, who are, alas! the majority, invariably get puzzled by the proceedings of the Stock Exchange in time of war. "Why"—they ask one another—"why, just because the Montenegrins go out to stick some Turks, should Canadian Pacifics fall and Marconis rise?" But surely the answer is obvious. There will be far fewer Turkish emigrants to Canada this winter, whereas Montenegrins in the States are sure to want to know by wireless how their relations who have had bayonets twisted round in their interiors are convalescing.

* * *

Among notable people who are dressing dolls for a contemporary I notice many music-hall artists, but very, very few politicians. This is disappointing. Many a tot in the East End would have valued a doll done by Mr. Winston Churchill—a First Lord doll doing submarine duty, say. An "only demagogue" doll, dressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, might have given pleasure in some home where (owing to the Insurance Tax) no dolls are to be seen.

TAKING NO RISKS

Unattractive Boy (to Perfect Stranger, as she turns to leave the Post Office): "Would yer kindly lick them two stamps, Miss, and stick 'em on them two letters for me?"

Attractive Stranger: "Well! all right; but why don't you do it yourself?"

Boy: "'Cos muvver says they're pois'nous"

By E. T. Reed

The Postmaster might have confectioned an "infant Samuel" doll that could open and shut its eyes according as the Cavalier Marconi doll, which would properly go with it, said 15 per cent. or 10 per cent.

* * *

Mr. Redmond ought certainly to have sent lots of dolls—a whole cabinet full—the kind that dance when you pull a string. Nobody knows better than Mr. Redmond how to manage a thing like this, if you can believe the Opposition newspapers, and I don't see why you shouldn't believe them as often as the others.

* * *

But politicians are like that. They know how to do a popular thing, but they hate to do it except just before a General Election.

* * *

Has anyone ever noticed how like telegrams from the seat of war are to waves? Scientists tell us—and we can observe for ourselves if we have the time—that it is every seventh wave that really counts. So with telegrams. They come this way—(1) The Serbs are advancing upon the fortress of Possovitch. (2) A desperate battle is taking place at Possovitch. (3) The Serbs have taken the fortress — great Turkish slaughter. This telegram has been censored by the Serbs. (4) Rumour that the Turks have retaken fortress. Serbs annihilated. Censored by Turks. (5) Rumour untrue that Turks have retaken fortress. Both armies preparing for last struggle. (6) The Servian Army has not yet met Turks. Capture of Possovitch by Serbs exaggerated. (7) No Serbs or Turks have been near Possovitch, which is a village unfortified. All quiet here . . . . As I say, it is the seventh telegram that counts.

* * *

On the whole, it will be best if the triple play business—as done at the Duke of York's—is not imitated at other theatres. Something would go wrong, I feel sure. I don't even see any further possible combinations except Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Mr. Hall Caine—and the first two were stupid enough not to leave us any one-act plays. No, I think this fine experiment should stand alone. It has proved its point—namely, that complete harmony can exist between three leading playwrights — not to mention the Censor. Apropos, everybody is not asking why Mr. Frohman has not yet received the King's Bounty.

R. E. Vernède

What He Had Said He Had Said

TODGERS: "What's that you say, Bobby, the Springboks *is* here! Is that the sort of grammar they teach you at school? You mean the Springboks *are* here!"

BOBBY; "No, Dad, I mean just what I said. The Springbox *is* here!"

BY ARTHUR GILL

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

Tecla

NEW YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

An Egyptian Interlude

Illustrated by Chas. Sykes

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

CLAVERING drained the coffee—the holder of pierced brass hot against his fingers, the dregs of it making a muddy sweetness in his mouth. He leant against a pillar of pinkish plaster that sprang up behind him like the trunk of a tree. An Arab in yellow delicately scented a bud of orange-blossom, while a little further on a dark desert man worked with twig-like fingers over the manufacture of a cigarette. The Café of the Dancers was very still, very dim, very uncertain. Outline lost itself in smoke. Desire quivered into a placid belief that something would happen some time.

Clavering leant like a black-and-white doll against his pink pillar. The spell of the East! He'd read about it—even sneered at it over the whiskies-and-sodas that are foundation-stones of the Western world. He'd expected spangles and noise. Wild music and infuriated emotions. Knives, blood, red roses, and the hot stinging of the desert sand. And what had the East given him? Quiet. The little café, dim with uncertain arches, scented with coffee-dregs, hundreds of years old, dotted by a delicate pattern of Arabs in gentle folds and cascading drapery. Somewhere a fragment of brass gleamed for a moment. He didn't know what it was, didn't care. But it promised something—later. Something wild and golden. Something that would sweep him far away from the pink plaster pillar into a gorgeous Eastern sea, where women went by like emerald and sapphire moths, and the magic of Oriental music beat delirious time and told his blood to dance.

Nobody spoke — nobody did anything. Just waited. In the tiny gallery overhead, dark and sultry with fretwork, something moved. He heard the sound of spangle on spangle. Hidden, alluring, moving, pausing and hurrying on again. He lifted his empty coffee-cup, stared, and put it down again. Wasn't there something in the Prayer Book about the peace that passed all understanding? Well, he'd found it! Progression could rage past him like a mad dog. He wasn't going to stop it. Time and dust might go weaving on at their endless tapestry, but he didn't intend to move. At the hotel the fevered orchestra would be crucifying "The Pink Lady" across their violins, and the smoke-room tables stand at attention starred with whiskies-and-sodas. But here! The Arab next him stirred and turned slowly with an infinite amount of detail. The sprig of orange-blossom between his brown fingers drooped at a beautiful angle. Music began somewhere as though someone was shaking it from the heart of some great flower like dew. The Arab curved towards it, while Clavering, against the pink pillar, clenched his hands. Coffee? Yes, he'd have more coffee. Make it stronger. The coffee of the East—not the poor soulless thing they deemed fit for an Englishman. And would they give him a rose—a red rose? The flower fluttered like a jewelled bird between his fingers. Holding red roses, sipping thick, clinging coffee, straining nerve on nerve towards the distant music. Mad—yes, perhaps he was; but it didn't matter!

"Coffee—more coffee!"

(All rights strictly reserved)

. . . . .

She drifted on to the little platform like a moonbeam. Flowers he didn't know spiked at her feet in slender jars of blue earthenware. The Arabs bent towards her as in a wind. The music from somewhere began again. Defiant now, not caring what the man against the pink pillar thought about it. She'd dance, of course. Eastern women always danced. Danced to death, danced to life, danced to love. The music shrilled. She turned the long green narrowings of her eyes towards him. A scarf of cherry colour slipped from one arm—a spangle cometed in mid-air and fell almost at his feet. It lay on the grey stone floor like a fallen star. Clavering's hand went out towards it, and came abruptly back again. He

didn't want spangles—just then. Another scarf, eh? Blue this time—Mediterranean-blue with a foam of pearls at its edge. Coffee? Had he finished it already? Of course, more coffee! What was whirling on the tiny platform now? Birds—roses—emeralds—sunsets. What a fool he was. The Woman. And how mad the music had become! Almost beyond understanding. What was she when she danced? A silver moon on fire—a blazing snowdrift, a marvellous frozen whiteness lit with rubies. The Arabs undulated once more towards her. Somewhere someone eased a door to its closing. A thousand miles away the beat of a tom-tom pulsed with the living pulsation of blood. She had quivered down from the platform now, dancing in and out between the black-and-white silhouettes of the Arabs. She glanced at his empty coffee-cup. Yes, yes, more coffee. Stronger and stronger. Let it taste of Amber and the East.

. . . . . .

"Well," she said, her white face and cleverly painted eyes very close to his; "you liked me—you thought I was wonderful?"

The little dome-shaped room was stifling. Barbaric draperies met overhead under the pendant of a huge brass lamp, in which rough turquoise stood out like fragments of a fairy sea.

"Of course," he said huskily, "you were marvellous, and you know it. But you talk English. You're not even French—you don't belong to the East, and yet——"

She laughed, and the coral that scarred her throat like a murderer's wounds danced a little of its own accord. Her eyes were mere slits of emerald.

"I can't—I mustn't tell you yet," she said; "you must come and see me—often; you're going to be in Cairo some time. I know—I know everything. The Arabs, the dark—the little galleries that seem to lead nowhere, and yet are the very tunnels to heaven. Sometimes I'm afraid of all I know."

He caught her wrists, the heavy bangles she wore cutting into his flesh like knives.

"Can't you get out of this?" He looked quickly round the draped obscurity of the room. "Launch out into the world again. I can't bear to see a beautiful woman——"

She laughed softly, like a woman who had waited for something and at last found it.

"I'll tell you to-morrow—come at nine."

Her bangles rattled, the red of her mouth intensified itself a thousand times, and she was gone.

Somewhere the music began again, sweet and beckoning. He moved unsteadily across the thick scarlet rug. Thinking of her—longing for coffee.

. . . . . .

"You hate cushions," she said, flicking the ash of her cigarette towards him. "I can see that. You're the sort of man who ought to sit on the nose of the Sphinx and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The words struck him as crude and raw coming from her, with her rose-tinted draperies and persistent jangle of bracelets. They were words that belonged to the everyday woman of the world who sat in everyday clothes and talked about everyday topics.

"I want you to tell me about yourself," he said, sitting straight among the rose and silver cushions. He wasn't going to lean back—he was just a little bit afraid of leaning back. "Tell me why you are here, prancing, dancing before the desert men and spreading sedition and unrest with your emerald eyes."

"Then they are like emeralds," she said triumphantly. "I always hoped so, but was never quite certain."

She folded her hands, the crudely set rings of green and blue stone sticking out on them in great coloured knobs almost devoid of light.

"You know Gade—the money man—he's at your hotel?" He nodded, leaning a little towards her.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Gade. Couldn't stand him. Slipped away the last time we were in Cairo, and have been dancing like the very devil ever since."

He drew back shocked—surprised.

She laughed.

"Funny, isn't it? And he doesn't know where I am. Cairo is the one city in the world that can keep a secret. I'm a woman who has got to have success—somehow. It's life to me—blood. I can't live without it."

Her hands gesticulated heavily in mid-air—the dull light romping up and down her rings.

"But I want to do something for you." He said the words with an effort, and was conscious of the fact.

"You can't—you can't! But look here, I'm going to change my mind. It's a feminine privilege that touches East and West where a woman is concerned. You can do something for me."

Instinctively he thought of money, and angled his hand towards his breast pocket. Her eyes followed the hand with a deep, all-understanding smile.

"No, it's not that," she said quickly. "Nobody beautiful and wise in Cairo need ever lack money. There's just one thing I want—Gade. I want you to bring him to the Café."

Clavering's hand went unconsciously to his face.

The woman in the rose-tinted draperies stirred a little, twisting her rings.

"I'd like him to see me—here," and her voice reminded him irresistibly of a sequin. "Like him to see what other men think of me."

She curved, waved, and coiled towards him.

"They think me very wonderful here," she went on; "a man covered my feet with turquoises last week, and went away content because he had only kissed my hand."

She held it up towards the blue-studded lamp, where it glowed like marble before fire.

"I want you to bring him here—soon."

Clavering glanced sideways at the tiny coffee-tray, and her eyes followed him curiously.

"Ah! you like it—this essence of the East. The thing that fills your veins with amber, roses, and the slender golden secrets of love. Without it I should die. Is the day dark and chill? Draw up the little brass tray, clatter the tiny blue-and-gold cups. Drink, and see the sun."

She made it deftly and quickly, his eyes following the slender whiteness of her hands. He drank. How warm—how luxurious. Of course he'd bring Gade to her if he had to drag him by the scruff of his neck. Had she put red roses in the coffee? It tasted like it. His eyes blinked a little, and met hers.

"You're a moonbeam on fire," he whispered; "a ruby dancing madly in the dark. Gold sand upon the wind. An ivory bird caught amid a storm of rose-petals. But I can't tell what your feet are like!

(Continued on page 206)

A Royal Sister of Mercy

H.R.H. PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE

Who has announced her intention of going to the front with the nurses. H.R.H., who is in her twenty-eighth year, was formerly Princess Alice of Battenberg, and married Prince Andrew, King George's fifth son, in 1903

FROM A PAINTING BY PHILIP LASZLO

The Peaceful Scene of the Peaceful

SIGNOR PIERRE BERTOLINI
The principal Italian representative at the Peace Negotiations at Ouchy

Photograph

OUCHY, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA, WHERE BETWEEN ITALY AND TURKEY

It would be difficult indeed to find a more suitable place than Ouchy in which to bring to a peaceful conclusion a war which has proved to be one of the quietest and most peaceful conflicts of modern times. Ouchy is a charming little spot on the Swiss side of the Lake of Geneva, at the foot of the hill on which the cathedral city of Lausanne is situate, and is the port of that town. Owing to its charmingly peaceful situation on the shores of

eful Conclusion of a Peaceful War

A. S. Allberry

RE THE PRELIMINARY TREATY OF PEACE
EY WAS SIGNED LAST WEEK

the blue lake and the leafy coolness of its front, Ouchy is quite popular as a quiet holiday resort. The very atmosphere of the place breathes peace and quietness, and it is very difficult indeed to imagine negotiations being brought to any but a peaceful conclusion at such a spot. Just why Ouchy was chosen as the meeting-place is not quite clear, but if, as we are told, both combatants were eager for peace, then the choice was a wise one indeed

RESCHID PACHA
The chief Turkish representative at the signing of the Peace Treaty at Ouchy

(Continued from page 202)

Waiting lilies, anxious doves, pearl-foam on an Eastern carpet."

She lay silent among her cushions with half-shut eyes. His words rippled over her like silver streams of water. Soft, drooping, delicious. Then she leaned abruptly forward and refilled his coffee-cup. Clavering's eyes watched. The brown, tender liquid bubbled and died, then eventually sank to a pool of dark, irresistible potency. How good it was to drink coffee and watch the woman, all white and rose colour. His head swam towards the green light in her eyes. That was the thing he must battle for and meet. The green light. The stool inlaid with pearl on which he sat rocked. And she had said he hated cushions. Who didn't—alone? How odd—how pleasant that he should find his coffee-cup full once more. The magic of the East, of course. The magic of the white and rose-tinted woman.

"And you will bring Gade here to-morrow," she whispered. "To-morrow at nine. When the stars come out like silver lamps and the music beats its way in silver enchantment towards the moon. I shall dance and you shall watch. I shall dance and he will marvel. Strike his chest and call himself a fool for letting me go. How we will laugh—afterwards."

His eyes sought hers, and found them.

"You are a rose," he said, "dropped by a perfect lover among those cushions. A rose without thorns that can command anything. Your breath is the perfume of the world."

What—more coffee? But why not? Coffee was harmless—better—better—miles better than whiskies-and-sodas. The blue-and-white cup in its brass holder rattled against his signet ring.

"Then you'll bring him here to-morrow?" She had slipped over the embroidered edge of the divan, leaving the fine, slim impression of her body against the rose and silver cushions.

"I'll bring him," said Clavering thickly. "Don't you worry about that. Bring Gade at nine to-morrow. To see you dance—to see you be funny with him. Give me your hand!"

She stood holding it out to him, and his hot lips drooped across the rainbowed fire of her rings. Music soared up suddenly like a bird piercing the embroidered roof, winging its way towards the sulphur-coloured stars.

"Coffee?" she asked, swinging a white arm across his face.

"Yes," said Clavering. "Strong—strong coffee."

. . . . . .

"Queer place," said Gade, halving Clavering's pink pillar with his long, narrow back. "Can't make out why you wanted me to come here."

Clavering stirred uneasily and thought of coffee.

"So awfully decent of you to come," he said. "Of course I knew your name perfectly well, but I didn't know whether this sort of jaunt was in your line or not. Hotels are such damn boring places if one happens to be alone."

One or two Arabs slipped noiselessly along the floor like white mists hurrying in out of the night.

"Rum chaps," said Gade under his breath. "Smile at you one minute and stab you the next. That's the worst of being a financier. Every ragamuffin in Europe is dead certain you carry a small fortune in your waistcoat pocket."

"Hush!" whispered Clavering. "It's the music—listen!"

It crept gradually round the room like a snake, wreathing the pink pillars, rustling across the floor. Ribboned itself in and out between the carved tracery of the latticed gallery and eventually stole away to an undefinable somewhere on tip-toe. Coffee seemed to grow at their side like a flower. Every time they looked it was there. Every empty cup filled itself as though by magic. The air grew heavy, winding itself across their eyes like a thick, languorous scarf.

"You'll see her dance in a moment," said Clavering behind his hand; "and she's pure magic."

Gade's long head shook slowly from side to side. "Pure devilment, I expect you mean."

A golden fold of Arab drapery fell across Gade's arm, soft, sultry, and surreptitious.

Clavering stared at it for a moment, then forgot its very existence. The woman with the green eyes had stepped on to the little platform between the flower-spiked jars of blue earthenware. Unconsciously he stretched his hand for the empty coffee-cup, and, lifting it, found it full, warm, and seductive.

She was in scarlet to-night. A dancing wound beyond all power of healing. A bloody cut in the star-sprayed blue of the Eastern night. He waited for Gade to say something. To gasp, to start, to touch the hot burning of his hand with one of arctic coldness. But nothing happened. The woman danced, whirling moonlight arms over the scarlet and coral at her breast. The music wept, wailed, and shuddered from one high note to another while the Arabs, under the mystic arches of the Café, undulated and bowed as though to an oracle. Clavering knew he pressed a coffee-cup against his teeth, and looked at Gade. He sat there calm, cool, interested, beating time to the wayward music and drawing in the tender fumes of his cigarette. The Arab fold of drapery moved a little—higher, higher, almost on a level with Gade's heart. Then something flashed and sank home. Gade sighed, stammered, then sank weakly against Clavering's shoulder. The music shrilled. Bitter sweet now—and triumphant. On the platform the woman in scarlet danced on. Arabs turned a little under the spell of their draperies. Gade was leaning very heavily against his shoulder.

Clavering's coffee-cup had been filled again.

. . . . . .

Abruptly he came to his senses. The pink pillar wasn't a tree after all. Just a pillar, and unconsciously he was glad. Quickly he looked round the Café, still mystic blue, still redolent with the essence of the East. Gade wasn't leaning against his shoulder. No Arabs nodded systematically behind the white ramparts of their hoods. He was quite alone, two blue jars had been upset, their flowers lying scattered like scented stars and the water trickling in delicate silver coils towards him. He touched his forehead. It was damp and cold. Suddenly he leant forward. Just in front of him hung a cheap calico curtain, and behind it burned a light. Light that threw shadows, light that twisted fantastic designs across its surface. Birds in flight, animals at play, flowers that grew with a wild desperation of colour and outline. Behind it something shone—shone red. On hands and knees he crept forward. The water from the upset jars touched his fingers. The flowers became a sweet, bruised pulp

(Continued on page 208)

A Respite for the Hunted

THE FINAL MEET THIS SEASON OF THE CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS

NEGOTIATING A STREAM UNDER DIFFICULTIES

THE WIRE FENCE IS ALWAYS A WORRYING PROBLEM FOR THE LADY FOLLOWERS

For the concluding meet this season of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds, Mr. G. W. Varndell, the Master, provided an excellent two days' sport in the Chertsey district. A dog otter was found in the Bourne, and was hunted right up to Virginia Water, where it was lost. The hunted animal will, therefore, enjoy a respite from the attentions of the hounds until next season

(Continued from page 206)

whenever he came in contact with them. And a tiny corner of the curtain was turned back. He knew on the instant what it reminded him of—the dog-eared leaf of a book. He stretched—crawled—dragged himself forward. Now his face was level with the stone floor, now the chill of it touched his cheek—now he saw——!

Gade lay across her scarlet draped knees—limply, like a worn-out doll. Just above his heart was a stain like a crimson rose. The woman's eyes showed a line of narrow, bitter green. She was going through his pockets.

. . . . . .

Coffee? Oh, yes, he'd have coffee. Hadn't they got any larger cups? No? Very well. He'd have some more soon—very soon indeed. After all, what was yesterday? Gade had been stabbed and robbed. That wasn't any business of his. Gade didn't happen to be his pal. They'd been out together, certainly, but Cairo was a place of chances. Everyone knew that. No blame attached to anyone. Everything was fair in love and war and Cairo! Decent fellows, the Arabs. Decent of them to leave the pink pillar for him after yesterday's racket. Never mind that—what was she going to wear to-night? Abruptly he turned his head. Another Englishman, eh? Damn his impudence! Young, too. Jolly boy about town, with a decided determination to wear his hat at the proper angle. Coffee? Had he finished? All right—all right, but when was the infernal music going to begin? The blue jars around the tiny platform were gone to-night. Dreamy incense like a miniature Vesuvius smoked at either corner. It quivered and shook a sweet potency over everything. The music at last! Clever devils, these Eastern fellows. Music like a wave of the sea. No, it wasn't that—like the gold sand curling, twining up to the raw sapphire sky, fainting, all amber coils and——

Green, eh? She was wearing green. A white-faced snake. A lizard on a sunny wall. Clavering leant back against his pillar, the woman whirling by him in a green mist—half unseen, half unnoticed.

They drugged their music, didn't they? And coffee? His hand shot out, the blue-and-white cup rattling in its holder of gleaming brass. Coffee—coffee—coffee! She'd began to dance, a twisting, coiling leaf of spring. A green moth on an eternal holiday. An emerald swayed to twirling madness by the very devil himself. Clavering watched the young man on the other side of the Café. The young man who swayed to the music and parted his lips to meet the tempestuous sweet of it. Coffee—coffee, he was drinking coffee. Yesterday the woman in the lizard-green had watched him with her eyes of narrowing emerald. Now—the boy—the young man—the important tilter of the all-important hat—well!

Her white shoulders oppressed him like a tempestuous sea. Framed him in. Confined his very breathing. Coffee? Yes, he'd take it. They'd never know it splashed on the roots of the adjacent palm. They'd never know "he was wise." The American expression tripped lightly down his thoughts. He even smiled. The music crashed — silenced. He saw the boy move. It made Clavering feel paternal to call him the boy, didn't it? The boy—how funny—how sad. She—the woman in lizard-green, the woman on the platform, stopped dancing, faded out.

The Arabs drifted like smoke—soundless—only giving the effect of withdrawing white. The boy towered up from his pillar and slipped towards the curtain. A pale arm, half swathed in green, beckoned to him. Coffee? A one-eyed Arab slunk up to Clavering's cup.

Once again Clavering anointed the adjacent palm. Then he crept forward as he had crept before. Slowly, surely, on the crooked angles of his knees. The dog-eared curtain again! Funny, wasn't it?

"You see," she was saying, her heavily ringed hand on the boy's shoulder, "there's a man called Henlie at your hotel, isn't there?"

Clavering saw the boy nod and tremble.

"Well, he's my husband, or was my husband. I left him the last time we were in Cairo. Came here. Danced, and, oh! will you bring him at nine to-morrow evening, because——"

The curtain, with its bordering flowers and romping animals, split between the fierceness of Clavering's hands. He glanced round the little dome-shaped room, with its turquoise-studded lamp, and looked once at the woman in the lizard-green. Then he laid his hand swiftly on the boy's shoulder.

"Come back with me," he said thickly. "I want to talk to you."

"What about?" demanded the boy, his voice thick and hot.

"Coffee," said Clavering, drawing him towards the door. ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Photograph *Sport and General*

OUR PRINCELY UNDERGRADUATE

The usual preliminaries having been gone through, the Prince of Wales has now settled down to his 'Varsity career in earnest. Our photograph shows H.R.H. en route to the golf links, to enjoy a round of the invigorating game

Scotland Yard's New Chief

SUPERINTENDENT J. McCARTHY

Who succeeds Superintendent Frost as head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard

HOLMES: "I see, my dear Watson, that Scotland Yard has a new chief. Where is Scotland Yard, and what are the duties of its chief?"

Photograph *Swaine*

Will History Repeat Itself? British Experiences in a Previous Turkish War

In 1829 Turkey, as in 1912, was at war with a coalition of Christian Powers, including England and Russia, united to secure the emancipation of Greece. The above cartoon represents how an English ship was treated by the faithful Russian "ally," and is a timely reminder to us that such incidents may repeat themselves in the most unexpected quarters during the present terrible struggle. It is cheering to remind those who are following it, by the way, that the Greek War of Independence lasted more than eight years!

The Bystander in PARIS

WHEN THE MANŒUVRES ARE OVER

The October Sunday

There is a Sunday in October which I love. It is the first fine Sunday after France's army has undergone its annual change. In October, when the manœuvres are over, when the arrival platforms of the railway stations have for days together disgorged brown-faced young men with small valises, who tumble out shouting "*Vive la classe!*" there comes another day when the departure platforms witness the parting of young men with the same small valises, who shamble in their walk, whose faces have the white, pasty look of the town, who go with heavy hearts to serve their country and be made men of. I have never understood the internal economy of any war department, and the War Office in Paris puzzles me as much as any other. I have never quite understood the reason that countrymen are sent to do their military service in Paris while Parisians are sent to provincial barracks. That is the way it always is done, and that is the reason that I love to stroll abroad in Paris on the first fine Sunday after the arrival of the new recruits who are to do their two years' service.

A Paternal Government

A paternal Government thinks it advisable to teach these young men, none of whom are many months older than twelve times twenty years, something about the town in which they are to serve, and, therefore, makes Cook's tourists of them. They are packed into *char-à-bancs*, a corporal serving as guide to every squad of twenty, and they are driven about Paris from early morning till mid-day, and then again from afternoon till evening, and shown the sights and the lay of the streets. You will usually find on this Sunday of Sundays a gang of them on the top of the Arc de Triomphe. It's amusing to see them, it's amusing to hear them, and I think it is, perhaps, most amusing of all to listen to the corporal who teaches them. You get a fine bird's-eye view from the top of the Arc de Triomphe, and these young peasants assimilate map knowledge very quickly in the open air. They are not quite as clever with history. There were differences of opinion as to the reason for the name of the monument up which they had climbed. The most popular verdict was that it was called the Arc de Triomphe because you were so jolly glad when you got to the top.

The Corporal and Napoleon

The corporal, of course, knew better. "Napoleon built it," he explained. "And who was he?" asked three young men at once. "He was the Emperor." "The Emperor of what?" they asked. "The Emperor of France, by blue." "But France is a Republic," said one young man, who, I take it, spelled the newspaper to his father and mother on winter evenings at home. They all chimed in. "Yes. France is a Republic, corporal." "Well, never mind," the corporal said. "I know Napoleon was an officer, and if you don't salute every time you hear his name you'll get C.B. next Sunday." The Sunday after *char-à-banc* Sunday France's new defenders are to be seen wandering about by twos and threes, and guideless, looking and feeling most uncomfortable in uniforms which do not fit them anywhere and wriggling unaccustomed fingers in white cotton gloves. But the week has changed them. They are Parisians now, and walk the pavement as though they were well-used to it.

In the Theatres

The theatrical season has begun so late this year in Paris that it has looked almost as though there was not going to be one at all. I don't know whether it was the wet summer or whether the disease dates further back, but it looks so far as though there was an idea famine among the dramatic authors of Paris. Few of the new plays I have seen recently have anything at all novel to recommend them, and most of the coming novelties are adaptations from abroad. This is a most unusual thing, for, as a rule, the Paris stage is a very close corporation indeed. Of course, the adaptors of foreign plays get all the credit. That is the Parisian attitude. In London and in Germany just the reverse is true. The poor adaptor only gets credit for the failures. But in Paris the highest praise for anything is that it is "very Parisian," and dramatic critics print the adaptor's name admiringly when Paris likes an English or a German play, explaining that he has left as little as he could of the original.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Photograph *Félix*

MLLE. ANDRÉE MIELLY

As she appears in the third act of "La Petite Jasmin," at the New Théâtre Impérial, Paris. She has already played in "Xantho chez les Courtisanes," "Paysans et Soldats," and "La Révolte de L'Isle Adam"

Where West is East

THE ORIENTAL LIMITATIONS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

Butterfly and Worm

There is a widespread idea that the American woman, a creature replete with versatility and charm, bears about the same relation to her husband as the butterfly to the humble earthworm. She in her leisured life cultivates her charms of mind and body, while he is content to grovel admiringly at her feet, in the intervals of sordid and humdrum business transactions, expressing his worship by the only means in his power: tributes of jewellery, cheques, and the concession of untrammelled freedom. Like many accepted ideas, this one has little foundation in fact. Appearances are proverbially untrustworthy, and the spectacle of the gad-about American woman, dispersing her husband's hard-earned money, courting social recognition abroad or at home, queening it over her household, is quite enough to convey an erroneous impression.

The Canny Male

The American man is a canny person, and conceals his deep-rooted contempt for the female sex in general under the nicest possible mask of chivalrous adulation. Notoriously keen on what really interests him: business and financial deals, the exercise of power over his fellow-men, he channellises his energies, and is content to leave subsidiary affairs to others. His real life is his life among men, the rest, after a brief explosion of romance, hardly counts. His code of chivalry acclaims woman, in the abstract, as a goddess; it is only natural, therefore, that during the period of philandering and courtship he should propitiate her with gifts and worship, which, as she is only mortal, after all, are quite sufficient to turn her head and imbue her with the sense of her own overweening and decorative importance.

Life on a Pedestal

Now, the proper place for a goddess is, undoubtedly, her pedestal, removed from the toil and moil of ordinary human life. Once installed on her pedestal and kept from descending therefrom by constant reminders of her exalted position, the pseudo-goddess is as effectually prevented from interfering in the world of men as though she were relegated to a shelf in a dark cupboard. On her pedestal she may consort with other equally exalted beings, but there her activities must naturally cease. She may occupy herself as much as she pleases with pleasant superfluities, such as culture, travel, dress, society, and "uplift movements," but she takes no part in her husband's actual life. That he prefers to keep to himself. From his place in the real seats of the mighty he views with amused tolerance her vain soarings, and her hardly concealed contempt of himself and his fellows. He can afford to, secure in the knowledge that while he deals with the real things of life as he sees it, she is hoodwinked into letting him go his own way, safe from interference.

A Business Asset

The price of freedom is often a high one, but he pays it ungrudgingly until the goddess becomes too exigent, then—the divorce courts or the bankruptcy courts could tell many a story. The American man may, and often does, take a vicarious pride in the appearance and successes of his womenfolk; it is the satisfaction of the proprietor. Does he not foot the bills? Is not the ultimate credit due to him? Also, beautiful and expensive-looking wife and daughters are somewhat of an asset, even in the business world.

The Easiest Way

The American man has no time for futilities such as "culture," social intercourse, leisured travel, the graces of life. These are toys fit for the circumscribed female mind; they keep her busy and amused, out of the way. Whenever she shows signs of discontent, he hastens, in self-defence, to appease her with fresh sops. "For heaven's sake let her have what she thinks she wants!" he cries, whether it be a question of a new frock, a trip abroad, or the vote. When he wishes to enjoy himself he seeks the society of other men and the seclusion of his club.

A Gilded Prison

So while man flocks by himself, nothing is left for woman but to do likewise. Her world is a woman's world, a world of half-interests without the counterpoise and perspective afforded by an equally balanced society of the sexes. In it she expends her fairy gold with a lavish hand, revelling, half-repiningly, in her lonely and cultured superiority. The glamour of it blinds her eyes; she does not realise that her supremacy is fictitious—in fact, a gilded prison. It follows, from this situation, that the American man cares for his womenfolk in the same way and degree

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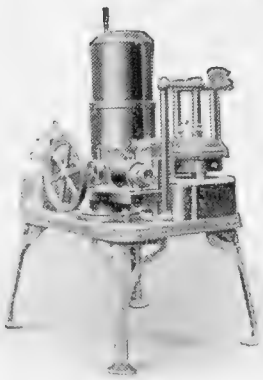

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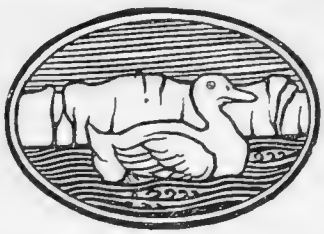

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as the conventional Turk does for his. To him, woman is an adjunct, a minor factor in his life, a secondary sort of necessity; sometimes a pampered pet, sometimes a hindrance, but always more or less of a parasite. The presence of woman in his house as wife and mother of his children is inevitable, but he has evolved a comfortable *modus vivendi* that has the virtue of apparently satisfying both himself and his female partner.

The Harem—New Style

Therefore the life of the American woman is practically that of her Turkish sister, with the yashmak and eunuch left out. With the exception of callow youth and a few hangers-on, she has little male society. Women's lunches, women's clubs, women's teas, receptions, and matinées, patronised almost exclusively by women, make up the round of her daily life. The seclusion of the harem is unnecessary, since she lives, moves, and has her being in an all but manless world. In another way, too, the American woman is rapidly approximating her Oriental prototype. Tell it not in Gath, but she is, according to a recent newspaper dictum and my own observation, assuming a houri-like rotundity of figure. In the words of the journalist whose perspicacity discovered this development, "she is creating a new and plump type of beauty." N. C.

THE GREAT POWERLESSNESSES

The Cynical Race

Germans are a cynical, incredulous race, with a low valuation for human nature; and Germans are right. Ever since the Hague Conference of pious memory and impious ineffectiveness, they have derided Internationalism, Arbitration, Concerts of Europe, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Federation of the World. And now they chortle.

The Non-Existent Concert

The Berlin Bystander never charged Germans with bad designs; he might even be called a pro-German in that he thinks British suspicion goes too far. But he does charge Germans (credit them) with a fierce contempt for cosmopolitan *simulacra*. And *simulacrum* is the Carlylean word for Europe Concertism. The Concert, Germans know, does not exist. Because the Great Powers are Powers only when they concoct mischief. When they attempt to prevent mischief they are Great Powerlessnesses.

The Comedy of Europe's Policemen

Germany never tried to lead the Great Powerlessnesses in international actions. She followed, reluctantly, contemptuously. She knew that the Great Powerlessnesses are useless for keeping peace, enforcing reform, or any other worthy end. And she grinned while the Great Powerlessnesses kept up the comedy of Europe's Policemen; and professed that the Little Powers were the only threat to war. The Great Powerlessnesses, she saw with Teutonic logicality, do not resemble Policemen, but burglars, or if they resemble Policemen it is Policemen of the kind rejoiced in by New York. The danger to Europe's peace is not from the Turks, Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, and Black Mountaineers. It is from the Great Powerlessnesses—their vanity, covetousness, and incapacity.

Teutonic Logic

The Great Powerlessnesses, say Germans, under-exaggerated their powerlessness. They deluded themselves (1) that the Little Powers would, from the first, be afraid to go to war without permission; (2) that the "warnings" would frighten them, even if they were not afraid; and now (3) that they, the Powerlessnesses, will dictate peace, and localise the war. Germans don't believe them. The Powerlessnesses were twice wrong; why not thrice? They will not dictate peace; and very likely they will not localise the war.

The Powers will not Dictate Peace

They will not dictate peace, because a *fait accompli* is worth fifty Joint Notes, and three Conferences. That is, if the Slavs win. There is no Powerlessness in Europe that will have the moral or physical courage to do more than threaten. Suppose the Bulgars sit down in Thrace, and hold Adrianople. What Powerlessness will expel them? Russia does not want to. Austria to do it will need half a million men. So Austria at most will filch the winnings of Serbs and Montenegrins—if there are any. But the *fait accompli* of a Slav victory will remain. Possibly there will be a Conference comedy if the Turk wins. But that Conference will only ask the Turk to leave Bulgaria; and the Turk, in any case, won't expect to remain there.

More Logic

That is German opinion. In "localisation" promises Germans also don't believe. Why, they ask, so much protesting? Count Berchtold, M. Sazonoff, and also the diplomats of the less interested Powerlessnesses keep swearing faithfully that they won't be dragged into the fight. But this swearing is proof that they doubt their self-restraint. Holland and Sweden do not protest that they will not take sides. And why, because there is no risk of them taking sides. If Holland and Sweden began furiously to issue Notes declaring that they would not be dragged into Balkan complications, then people would rightly suspect that Holland and Sweden expected to be dragged in. The Austro-Russian talk of localisation proves that there is real danger of a Great War. The war will, of course, be "localised." But will be local not only to the Balkan Peninsula, but also local to Austria-Hungary and Russia—probably to Germany and France. It may even be "local" to England.

A Solemn Comedy

The powerlessness of the Great Powerlessnesses is the one threat to Europe's peace. They are powerless to control themselves. And their talk of controlling the Little Powers is—and Germans rightly see it—only a solemn comedy.

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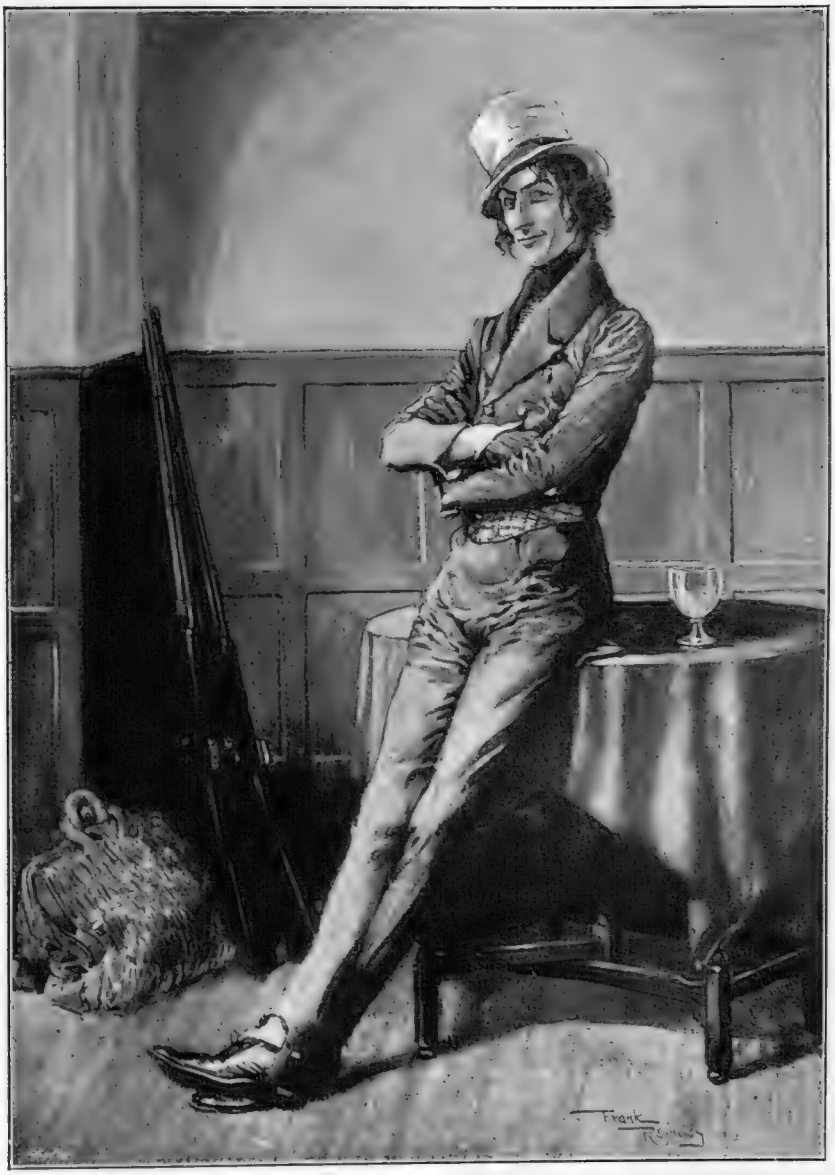

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MATTERS MUSICAL

TWO GREAT CONCERTS

Better Than "Stars"

It must be a long time since London was fortunate enough to enjoy two such concerts in succession as took place at the Queen's Hall last week. For on Wednesday Thibaud, Casals, and Bauer played three trios, and on Thursday Kreisler and Busoni gave a joint recital of two sonatas, as well as a solo apiece. Put down in cold print it looks prosaic enough, but really it is something of an event. We in London have, perhaps, grown too much accustomed to great "stars" to be surprised at anything, but these fine artists are not only great "stars"—they are great musicians, probably the five greatest interpretative musicians alive in Europe to-day. And the gossip of the town, instead of becoming properly excited at their being thus gathered together in one place, seems to take the honour more or less as a matter of course! It is rather disgusting, to tell the truth, but the public has never been able to distinguish greatness from mere virtuosity—except, perhaps, unconsciously to prefer the latter.

Superfluous Praise

Of course, any criticism, or, indeed, any praise, of men such as these is so superfluous as to be positively insulting. One has personal preferences, of course, and personal views as to the rendering of a particular work, but to any musician it will be obvious that should Busoni interpret, let us say, Liszt, Casals Bach, or Thibaud Beethoven, their various interpretations are pretty sure to be *one* of the right ways of so doing, and that the best thing for a miserable critic to do is to acquiesce and be thankful. I hold no brief for reverence, a detestable virtue responsible for much evil, but the present-day license accorded to every jackanapes to criticise everything seems more detestable. The prevalent "I-don't-know-anything-about-it-but-I-know-what-I-like" attitude is merely a confession of mental paralysis. How can you really like something without knowing anything about it? And if you do know you soon learn that to admire whole-heartedly someone who knows better than you do is not only the beginning, but the end of critical wisdom.

A Comparison

It was very interesting, however, to compare the two concerts of last week with one another. For, curiously enough, the five artists had, as a matter of fact, grouped themselves according to what one would be inclined to describe as their predominant characteristics. Casals, Thibaud, and Bauer are *par excellence* the interpreters of music as it is. One feels that their forte is to be able to submerge their personality in the intentions of the composer; every note, every phrase, is, so to speak, a reconstruction of exactly what was in his mind when he wrote it. For this reason their playing of Schubert's amazingly beautiful Trio in B flat was a thing never to be forgotten. The emotion of it was such, perhaps, as one might feel should one admire the frieze of the Parthenon under the guidance of Pheidias. The Schumann, on the contrary, though even more wonderfully played, sounded dull in places owing to the shortcomings of the work itself. There was no attempt at palliation by a new and striking interpretation.

SIGNOR BUSONI

Signor Busoni is, of course, famous as a pianist all over the world, but many people consider that his talents as a composer are at least as great as his talents as a performer. Certainly they are not appreciated in England as much as they deserve—still another striking similarity between himself and Liszt, of whom he is the most remarkable interpreter and champion

And Again

Busoni's and Kreisler's greatness, on the other hand, consists in the extraordinary manner in which they are able to impress their own personalities on the music. Busoni, for instance, who is my favourite of the two, can make Liszt in his most extravagant moods sound as simple as A.B.C. It is a commentary on Liszt rather than Liszt himself, and in a lesser degree that seems true also of his playing of César Franck's lovely Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue. Certainly two concerts of happy augury for the opening of the autumn season.

An Afterthought

A fairly regular attendance at the Promenade Concerts has convinced me of one pleasant and somewhat unexpected fact: The standard of singing is beginning slowly but surely to rise in England. For instance, on one night Miss Ellen Beck sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" in a manner that, after a month's experience of the stage, would have done credit to any ordinary Opera House anywhere, while Mr. Peter Dawson gave a more than creditable account of Verdi's "Ella giammai m'amò." And, I believe, it has been much the same story all through the season. Indeed, though by no means an optimist in these matters, I am inclined to believe that one of the much-proclaimed difficulties in the way of English opera would be found to be non-existent should the opera only materialise. But there are others—and I do not think they can be overcome after the prescription of the many musicians who last week wrote to the *Times* on that subject.

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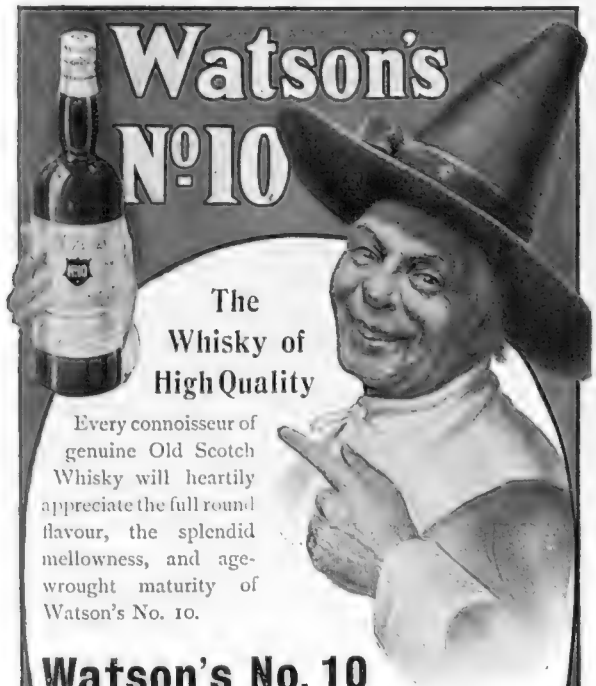

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A Youthful Review

THERE is always something fascinating about an undergraduate paper. So often, in after years, you may find that some celebrated author first appeared in print between its two covers. Its very callowness may be delicious, and there is always present that exciting question about a second number. Generally there is a second number, but not very often a third. The printer, I suppose, is not the typical University tradesman, and unfairly wants payment. Or the dean is hostile and unliterary. Or the football team invades the editor's room and does curious things to his furniture. The third number, I always think, is the great test.

"The Blue Book"

The latest production of the kind is *The Blue Book* (Crosby Lockwood: 1*s.* net), "conducted by Oxford Undergraduates and published every two Months." The third number of this review is just out. *The Blue Book* is far more ambitious than most of its kind; it is admirably printed and really looks like a review. I mean it bulks—and it is worth bulking. There are interesting articles in it. The "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," by the Rev. R. A. Knox, which appeared in the second number, was quite a fascinating piece of work, and in the third there is the equally interesting "Reminiscences of Jowett," which should appeal to a wider public than old or present Oxford men. *The Blue Book*, indeed, seems to be about to create an agreeable precedent by "staying"—unless, of course, its editors take up football, or real tennis, or something. You never know.

Photograph *Vaughn and Fraser*

DONALD LOWRIE

Whose articles and stories, written from personal experience, in the "San Francisco Bulletin," chiefly about prison life, have performed a great public service, and have won him the respect of the people of California. His book, "My Life in Prison" (John Lane: 6s. net), is reviewed on this page

A Prison in California

Prison literature is apt to be much the same. There are generally the usually dreary details about cells and ounces of bread and cruel warders and queer methods of speaking without appearing to do so, and suggestions for reform; but I have just read a book which stands apart from the others. The author is Donald Lowrie; his book is *My Life in Prison* (John Lane: 6*s.* net). Lowrie, who is a real person, was sent to San Quentin, a large prison in California, for a number of years. He was "broke," and so he burgled. While he was in prison he earned the good opinion of the editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, who offered him a post on the paper so soon as he should be "released on parole." This strange, alluring document is the result. They do things in California in a way which is new to us over here. There are fifty-year sentences, but the men are allowed tobacco. And there is ever a suspicion of politics hanging like a fog in the background. Terrible things go on—torture more suited to the Middle Ages than the twentieth century; but I understand that Lowrie in his book never exaggerates. In America, I know, he has created something of a sensation; and his book, coming out in England at a time when the newspapers are devoting columns to the New York police troubles, has, for that reason, perhaps, an additional interest. Some passages in it are positively ghastly; but the book is intensely real, and Lowrie has fine literary gifts. *My Life in Prison* is one of the most remarkable books of its kind I have ever read.

A Prize Novel

Miss Rose Macaulay won the first prize in the latest novel-writing competition with *The Lee Shore* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*). And it is a charming story of the kind which only Miss Macaulay can write. There is generally a vagabondish sort of person in her books, and here he is—dear, delightful Peter—with the queerest possible ideas on everything under the sun. Peter loves everybody—including the people he ought not to love. Also, he has no money, and is debarred by his rascally half-brother from following the only profession in which he is interested. He likes buying beautiful things for rich people; but the brother becomes mixed up in a disgraceful transaction, and Peter is forced to go into a warehouse. The warehouse naturally does not want him, and at the end he is—I suspected he would come to it—peddling along the Italian roads, fairly happy, although he has lost everything worth having except Thomas. Thomas, by the way, is the most delightful baby in fiction. Peter, as Miss Macaulay puts it, is a brittle person. Nothing goes right for him. But if it did, his creator might not have won the first prize in the competition. *The Lee Shore* will have big sales, because it is Miss Macaulay at her best.

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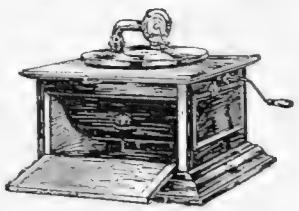

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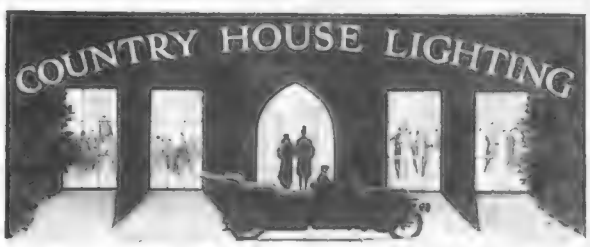

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By E. H. D. SEWELL

A. VAN DER HOFF
A speedy wing three-quarter

THE TRIUMVIRATE WHO "BOSS" THE TEAM
Left to right: F. J. Dobbin (half-back), the vice-captain; Max Honnett, the manager; and W. A. Millar (forward) the captain

F. LUYT
The team's "star" half-back

THE large and increasing number of lovers of Rugby football in London will have their first opportunity this week of seeing the South African team at play. It was an unkind fairy who put the idea into the heads of the people who arranged the programme of fixtures for our guests so badly to pit them against "London"—not only once, but twice on their tour. Footbally speaking, London is non-existent. The matches might just as well have been South Africans *versus* All Under Thirty without moustaches who haven't dined at the Cri for a year. But this fact won't materially reduce the crowd which, as it files out of the Rectory Field on Saturday, will say the visitors are not so good as the team of 1906. For, to tell the truth, these South Africans have not yet shown the cleverness, the pace, and the handling of their predecessors. But—and this is all-important—they are up against something very different from that which the 1906 team encountered.

Napoleon's Dictum

Then, our own teams were like the fellow who is fond of his bed, who has to catch a 9 o'clock train, and who, when called at 7.30 and thoroughly awakened, rolls over again and ponders whether he won't have just another quarter of an hour's snooze. They had not recovered from the New Zealand invasion. To them the situation was that another team of terrors had landed, and they were "in for it" once more. So defence was again made their first game. Now, our teams, thoroughly wideawake, remember Napoleon's sapient observation on the subject of attack, and, fortified by the thought borne of the South African eleven's dismal Test Match experiences that, after all, every team from the Cape is not necessarily invincible, they go for the gloves right out from the start, and do some of the hustling themselves. Thus we arrive at the possibility that the present team may lose half a dozen matches and still be a very fine team. Whether it is as good as the 1906 side does not really matter a straw to anybody, nor can the point be proved or disproved.

Photographs
W. KRIGE
A three-quarter equally good in the centre or on the wing

Notes on Play

The average weight and height of the men in the scrum are 14st. 2⅞lbs. and 6ft. 1¼in. A bigger pack than this has never taken the field in international or probably any football. So far it has not been at any disadvantage due to clumsiness consequent on unusual size, except in the matter of heeling. In this the opposition has got the ball more often than the South Africans, partly because they have played the push and walk-over game, often making no attempt whatever to hook the ball for heeling purposes. They can afford to lose the ball when it is put in the scrummage more often than most teams because of their own pace and tenacious defence behind the scrum. The game of their backs is highly orthodox. They have no truck with the reverse pass, and are not very prone to using the cross-kick. The short-punt they overdo. All the wings are fast, some very fast, and Mills has, in addition, a most deceptive swerve, one that is especially dangerous, because he does not slow up to use it. The character of their game is the same as that of the 1906 team, absolutely *sans peur et sans reproche*. Here and there in the most saint-like teams a player plays the ball or tries to tackle when off-side, while the most blameless of scrum-halfs may, by the unexpected swing of a badly packed scrum, be made to appear as though he was not putting the ball in fairly. But these fellows have nothing to be taught by us as to how to play the game, and I feel sure it will give those who play against them throughout the tour as much pleasure as it gives those of us who watch them.

E. H. D. Sewell
JAN D. LUYT
There are three Luyts in the team; this one is a forward

RACING: Sandown Park. By CARBINE

Cesarewitch Tip Ignored

A curious thing about racing is that the quiet tip is thought a good deal more of than the open expression of confidence by this or that owner. The average racegoer seeking for advice may be taken aside by somebody supposedly "in the know," and told in a stage whisper that a certain horse is expected to "go close." That is a tip after his own heart, and he will cheerfully bet on the "good thing," no matter how short the odds. But when an owner or trainer goes round frankly assuring everybody of his confidence the average racegoer grows sceptical, and, vowing in his cleverness that the stable in question is over-confident, tries to find something to beat their horse. Perhaps you noticed an example of this in the Cesarewitch last week. Mr. Sievier made no secret of his confidence in Warlingham. "He's absolutely certain to get a place," he repeated time after time to everybody who asked for his opinion. His friends thanked him for the tip, but remained incredulous, and went to back something else, so that Warlingham was almost friendless in the market on the day of the race, and started at 33 to 1. "I told you all about it," said Mr. Sievier to the crowd which gathered round him after his horse had won, "but you wouldn't believe me."

Will Mustapha Win This Time?

The victory of an outsider in the Cesarewitch makes few of us less keen on endeavouring to find the winner of the Cambridgeshire, though the disasters of Irish Marine and Tara have had the effect of making us not so eager to beat the market in backing our fancies before the day of the race. For more than one reason it will be advisable not to touch the Cambridgeshire next week, the chief being that several strong stables are strongly represented. I suppose the chosen one of Mr. Gilpin's will be Lance Chest, and the pick of Mr. S. B. Joel's will be Polkerris, but this is by no means certain. Perhaps the most genuine candidate of all is Mustapha, who, I think, is sure to be prominent in the race. Thrice he has run second, and as he is quite as good as ever he was he might do the trick this time. In any case I expect most of us will be on him for a place.

Selections

The appearance of the programme for a day's jumping at Sandown Park on Saturday gives one a little shiver, for it heralds the approaching end of flat-racing. Still, there will be plenty of excitement before the end, and there are two capital programmes on the flat at Sandown this week. The Foal Stakes on Thursday is a prize well worth winning, and **Lomond** should score. In his absence it would look a good thing for **Donnithorne**, in spite of his disappointing show in the Cesarewitch. On the same day **Quantock** may win the Temple Handicap and **Wynbury** the Orleans Nursery. On Friday the Great Sapling Plate may go to **Ma'oona** and the Wheatsheaf Handicap to **Newmarket**. On the same afternoon **Fantasio** may secure the Coombe Plate. Some courage will be wanted to back the jumpers on Saturday, and I suppose the best advice to visitors is to "follow the money."

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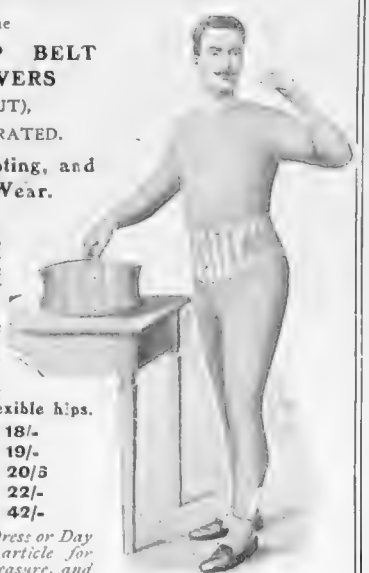

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Harry Vardon's Book

A BOOK of which the sub-title is "the last word on golf" must be approached with due care and reverence. When, in addition, that book is the expression of the knowledge of the art of golf of the greatest player of our, or, perhaps, any generation, it merits still greater respect and attention. In his book, "How to Play Golf," Vardon has had the good fortune to have the assistance of Mr. R. E. Howard, so well known as "The Colonel," of the *Sportsman*, in putting his notes into shape for publication. Mr. Howard has done his work admirably. I have only one fault to find, and that is the plethora of split infinitives which, together with a misprint of Mr. J. L. Low's name on p. 150, will, no doubt, be corrected in a future edition, for which there is certain to be a call. There are a great many excellent illustrations showing Vardon executing the various shots of the game, and also various sections of his swing.

Vardon's Fetich

The part of the book which interests me more than the chapters devoted to instruction is that which forms the opening chapter, and deals with "the trend of the game." Vardon is a worshipper of the old "gutty" ball of his prime; it is a sort of fetich to him, and represents to him the *ne plus ultra* in balls for the scientific player. He has the good sense to recognise, however regretfully, that the return of the "gutty" ball is impossible. But this adoration of the "gutty" ball runs like a thread through his pages, and leads him to make some astonishing statements. On p. 10 he says: "Personally, I am convinced that while the scores are getting lower, as they must do with a ball that affords such help, the standard of golf in general is deteriorating." He goes on: "For one thing, players have become careless. The miss is sometimes better than the hit."

A Contradiction

Now, with all due respect for a great player, I venture to say that this is pure nonsense. The standard has not deteriorated, and the miss is emphatically not better than, or even as good as, the hit. Indeed, the extra liveliness of the modern ball appears to me to accentuate rather than diminish the effect of bad strokes. Possibly the difference in putting methods necessary for the two balls may account for Vardon's prolonged failure in putting after the advent of the rubber core. I am interested to see that Vardon lays emphatic stress on the necessity of inculcating the maxim "Keep the head steady" as far more important than "Keep the eye on the ball," a lesson I have, in my humble way, constantly preached. I recommend this book to the earnest student of the game. He will find it packed full of interesting and instructive matter.

ERNEST LEHMANN

By Field, Stream, and Covert

Hounds Among the Cubs

You will rarely find a huntsman satisfied with the weather during cubhunting. He wants rain, and plenty of it, else he will complain of dried-up coverts and the impossibility of hounds working without a scent. And seeing that the weather has lately been bravely striving to make up in some part for its misdemeanours during the so-called summer, you may be sure that the grumbles of huntsmen have been loud and long. Yet hounds have really been doing excellent work in spite of unfavourable conditions. They were under the disadvantage of beginning later than usual, but have made satisfactory progress in most places. One even heard last week of such rare occurrences in October as points of eight and nine miles. We do not often get runs so straight during the regular season, so it is evident that scent has not been bad generally. Briefly, I think I am right in stating that hunting conditions are pretty well as they should be at this stage of the autumn, and there is every good reason to suppose that good sport is in store for us, providing the weather proves to be favourable.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY GIFFORD

Who hunts her own pack of harriers

Politics and Sport: A Protest

I see some of the farmers and landowners in Leicestershire are working up an agitation, because Baron de Forest gave Mr. Lloyd George and some of his supporters the hospitality of Gaddesby Hall a few weeks ago, when the proposed land taxes were under discussion. They talk of warning the Baron off their land. Now, is this not in the worst possible spirit? I do not care to express in these pages all that I think about the methods which have recently been pursued in regard to the suggested land legislation, especially as this journal has never been rabidly partisan. But whatever is thought on the subject I hold that it is in the highest degree imprudent to drag hunting into the business. Supposing some of the Leicestershire farmers did carry out this childish threat. What would there then be to prevent other farmers of the Shires or elsewhere with Radical sympathies similarly warning-off the opposite party's people? No, such intimidation won't work. Once you start warning off individual hunt subscribers you deal a heavy blow at the very heart of foxhunting.

A. W. C.

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(OF PICCADILLY)

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BREECHES in LEATHER, and CLOTH.

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that Science offers, Knowledge recommends, and Refinement welcomes.

PEBECO Tooth Paste *actually does* safeguard the teeth against corrosion, discoloration, and decay.

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Any one of the above items would form a much-appreciated gift

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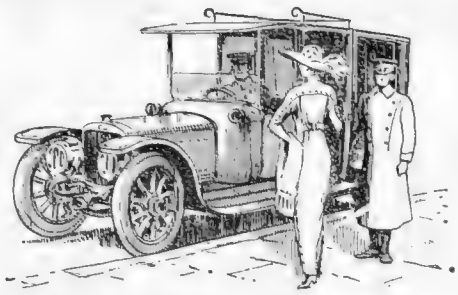

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AT BROOKLANDS, on 16th July, Mr. Haywood, on the SINGER, won the STANDARD CAR RACE, covering a distance of **277** miles in **4** hours **48** minutes **46⅘** seconds, his average speed being **57½** miles per hour. This time includes all stops for water, oil, petrol, etc.

Again breaks records.

AT BROOKLANDS on the following day, 17th July, Mr. C. Geach, on a **15.9** SINGER, broke the following STANDARD CLASS RECORDS:

CLASS D.	MILES PER HOUR.
Half-mile at a speed of - .	**86.83**
Kilometre ,, ,, - -	**86.80**
Mile ,, ,, - -	**86.54**

Remember, this is not a freak Racing Design. There is no difference between Mr. Haywood's winning Car and those supplied to customers. You can get a similar model to-day.

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after completing the journey from

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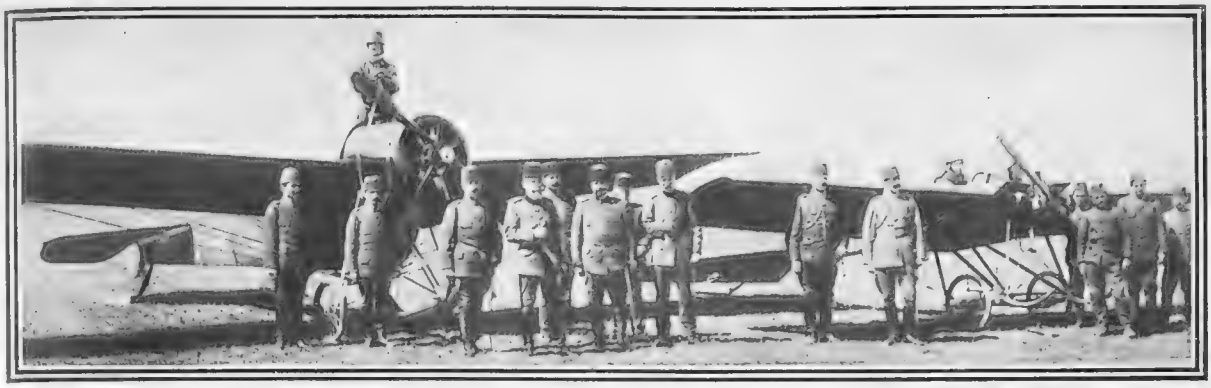


Photograph *Sport and General War Service*

A BLAZE EXTINGUISHER FOR THE BALKANS

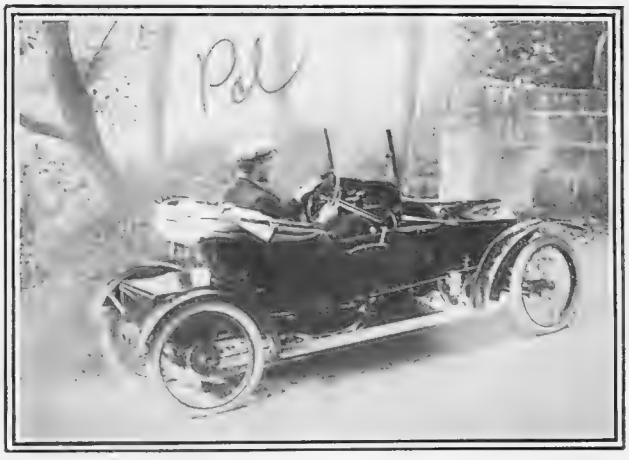
The Turkish Military Air Battalion, commanded by Shefket Pasha, will, it is anticipated, help to extinguish the blaze in the Balkans. On the other hand, it may add fuel to the fire. In any case, it is indicative of the essential place now occupied by the aeroplane in the military equipment of the world. Notably, several Turkish aviators received their instruction in British schools

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Motor in War

The War Office is not often accused of a knowledge of the right moment for an announcement, and, indeed, this statement, just published, may be no more than a coincidence; but it is peculiarly felicitous that, with "The Balkans Ablaze" upon the newspaper posters, and with the minds of the people more or less concentrated upon war and the rumours of more war, our fighting authority should come out with particulars of its arrangements for the greater efficiency of the home forces. Not that the commonalty, which has one political property of value, a vote, anticipates even remotely that this tight little island will have any immediate need to make special provision against an invader. What is not immediate with the commonalty is too remote to bother about. Having no intimacy with war, it develops a fine derision for the man who suggests the possibility. Nevertheless, it would certainly have a lamp-post and a piece of rope for those in authority who, sharing the common view, neglected to make provision against the dread contingency and were caught napping. It's a pleasant little way the commonalty has. There is much contumely, but very little honour for the prophet in his own country; but there is a very bad time for the responsible person who neglects the prophet's warning and finds it realised to the serious hurt of the common people.



A CYCLE CAR DE LUXE

The "Humberette" is certainly one of the most finished little vehicles in this highly popular class. The Humber Company is responsible for it, and have produced a very attractive, speedy, well-designed car in miniature. Twin-cylindered V engine, 84 by 90, air-cooled, with a shaft drive and a 3-speed gear-box. In all detail a very perfect little sporting machine. At £125 it is splendid value, and will certainly be in large demand

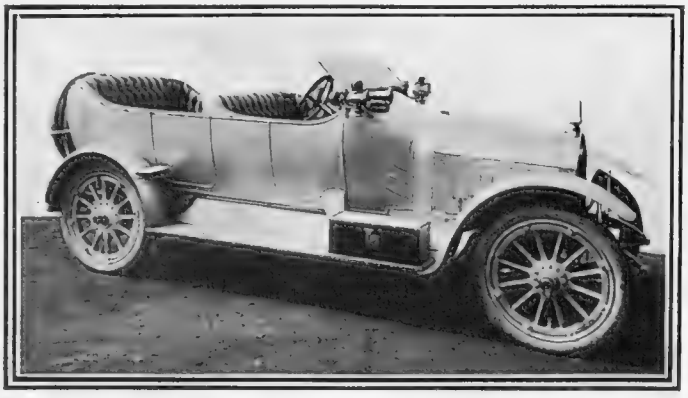
A New Scheme of Transport

But that is quite by the way. The important thing here is that six horsed companies of the Army Service Corps have this month disappeared, and in their places motor companies have arisen. This, we are informed, completes a scheme of military reorganisation of very large dimensions and undoubted importance. We have now eighteen mechanical transport companies, a call upon 1,000 motor lorries for mobilisation purposes, and a reserve of mechanic-drivers and cleaners sufficiently strong to man them. The vehicles, all shaft-driven (although why the chain-drive is officially taboo for the heavier, or three-ton types, is not clear), are contracted by various large companies, who are subsidised to the tune of £50 per lorry for initial cost and £20 per annum for three years on account of maintenance — a total for each vehicle of £110. The reserve of drivers and cleaners take £4 per man per annum, a sum which, being one-fifth of the regular Tommy's historic shilling a day, does not carry the reproach of extravagance. The lorries are of two types, one a 30cwt. vehicle for the transport of troops and the other a three-tonner for stores. Every twenty vehicles are served by a workshop waggon for repairs, and every two such waggons have an attendant spare part auxiliary.

England in Front

I do not know to what extent the delighted expert is justified in his assertion that this places us in front of the armies of the world, but certain it is that the scheme is a highly commendable effort to keep pace with automobile development. Mechanical road transport in war is at last regarded as the prime factor it undoubtedly is. The advantage, obvious

from the beginning, of a swift and entirely mobile vehicle, had the initial *dis*advantage of unreliability. To-day it is as certain as a train and of infinitely larger utility. We can forgive the War Office any sin of sloth it may have committed now that it seems desperately concerned to make full amends. With an adequate equipment for land transport and a sufficient measure of protection against the contingencies of the air (we have not by any means achieved the latter yet, but we are coming along very healthily), and we have stopped the breaches which the internal combustion engine has made in our naval impregnability. Lordship on the seas being admittedly insufficient to-day, we had to take those steps which would safeguard our interests against alien aggression, strengthened by the new machines. Not too soon we are doing it.



ESSAYS IN COACHWORK

A fine torpedo body of the Prince Henry type, specially designed by the Mansfield Motor Body Co., and fitted to a 16-20 h.-p. Cotten et Desgouttes chassis. The round portion at the back forms a locker for spares and tools

The A.A. Again

This time it is guide cards through towns—postcard-sized maps, which contrive to include within their narrow compass not only a complete and perfectly legible town plan, but recommended routes, congested routes, direction signs, and where to find them, recommended hotels, garages, and agents, and—I think that's all. One of the cleverest expositions of tabloidal topography and potted utility that I have ever seen. So far there are eighteen towns in the United Kingdom so treated. Others will follow rapidly. They make a new boon and blessing for the motorist distracted by streets, baffled by congested traffic, and perplexed by the perennial problem of how to proceed through an unknown town or where to find his resting bed. Highly commended.

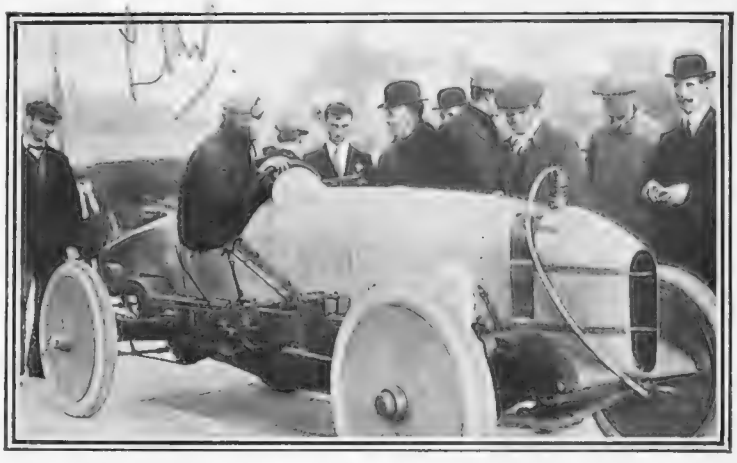
In Compression

Continental tyres continue to figure in great events, and always with marked success. They carried the Gregoire car which won the Grand Prix of 10,000 francs in the San Sebastian "Rallye" for a run from Posen, in Poland, to San Sebastian, with eleven up. In Class B for a similar prize the Metallurgique won, also on Continentals. In the Gaillon hill-climb the 200 h.-p. Benz, which went up at the staggering pace of 101m.p.h., establishing new world's records, of course; the Hispano Suiza, winner of the touring section; the winners of five of the categories in that section; and the winners in the first, second, fourth, fifth, sixth, and eleventh categories in the racing class—all these came to victory on the all-conquering Continental. I wonder, now, how many trophies, cups, medals, and first prizes the Continental has secured since the beginning.

Received the latest Adler brochure issued by that famous Continental car's sole agents for the United Kingdom, Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., of 127, Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street. It succinctly sets out the full detail of all models with examples of the range of coachwork for which the house of Morgan is itself responsible. Lucid letterpress and illuminating illustration. An acknowledged great car and some of the first coachwork of any country. A booklet worth getting.

The new Helsby tyre lever is worth a guinea a box even if the box holds but one. It ousts the forked lever, and facilitates the always irksome labour of tyre changing. It acts automatically, calls for no "third hand" nor the unwilling leg, and generally helps us bare the ills we have or shall certainly have sooner or later—unless we happen to possess a chauffeur, and he would probably thank us, tearful in his gratitude, for adding the lever to his equipment.

"Rudge Wrinkles" is a companionable dissertation upon the Rudge motor-cycle and how to run it. The wee book should be very welcome to that ever-increasing army who are finding in the Rudge the single track motor vehicle of their desires, as well as to that even larger army who hesitate on the brink of a selection. As the brochure is free for a request it will doubtless be in large demand. Certainly it should be.



THE RECORD WRECKER

Resta, on the 12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Sunbeam which recently shattered many track records, being congratulated upon his success. Since then Resta, on the 30 h.-p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, has broken world's records previously held by a 60 h.-p. machine for the hour and 100 miles. In the hour he covered 92 miles 797 yards, and the 100 miles was completed in 1 hour 4 min. 51.16 sec.—a wonderful average of 92.52 miles per hour

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If you require a Rolls-Royce car, purchase from Jarrott, Ltd., who can give prompt delivery of chassis or complete cars. Mr. Chas. Jarrott will be pleased to place his new car at your disposal for trial.—JARROTT, LTD., 35, Sackville St., Piccadilly, W.

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Although the great majority of our coats are made to each customer's individual requirements, we have, for the convenience of those desiring a coat for immediate wear, a comprehensive selection of

Model Slip Coats and Ulsters,

perfectly tailored in every conceivable fitting and weight. Patterns and self-measurement forms will be forwarded to country customers upon application.

The success of our business is due to our trading upon a rigid cash basis only. By this system we are in a position to employ the cleverest cutters in the trade, and to supply the identical materials sold by other West End firms at nearly double the price for credit.

Elysian Ulsters -	fr. 4 gs.
Newbury Slip Coats	fr. 3 gs.
Lounge Suits -	fr. 3½ gs.
Dress Suits - -	fr. 6 gs.

Upon application we shall be pleased to forward "Vogue." The most exclusive book on men's dress extant.

In both establishments our cutters are of the same high calibre. The materials and the prices charged are identical. Our clients, therefore, may patronise the premises most conveniently situated to themselves.

14, OLD BOND STREET, W. and
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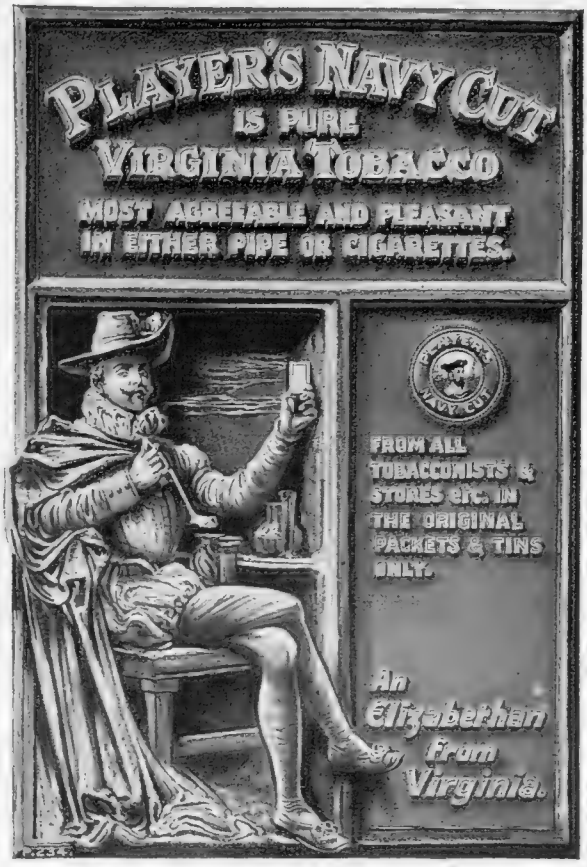
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The first step towards reducing your preliminary or up-keep charges is to write to the address below for a handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "Cheaper Motoring."

This booklet explains in detail the aims and objects of the United Motorists' Co-operative Supply, Ltd. The table of discounts shows you a saving of from 10% to 35%, and includes the usual accessories for Motor Cars and Motor Cycles. Other items of interest include: "Engine & Tyre Troubles," "Advice on Lamps & Lighting," "Registration & Taxation," "Golf Courses near London," "Recommended Hotels," &c.

Every private motorist should write for a copy of this useful booklet, sent post free on receipt of postcard.

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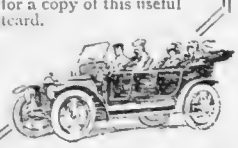

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You can obtain from your Gunmaker Eley Cartridges in Pegamoid Waterproof and other qualities, loaded by the gunmaker or by Eley with **any** standard powder, including—

Schultze E.C. **Smokeless Diamond**
Amberite **Neonite**
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Empire, Ballistite or (Eley loaded only)
Eley (33 gr.) Smokeless or Eley (42 gr.) Smokeless.

Eley Cartridges are chosen by Sportsmen throughout the world for accuracy and reliability in every particular.

Sold by Gunmakers and Ammunition Dealers everywhere

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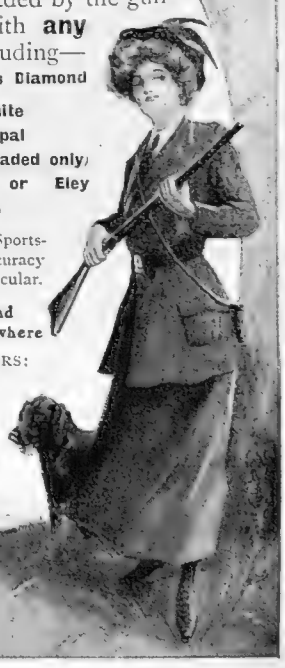

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WHICH STORY DOES YOUR MIRROR TELL?

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

APPALLING INCREASE IN BALDNESS AND HAIR-POVERTY DUE TO NEGLECT OF PROPER TREATMENT.

Which story does your mirror tell?

Which story will it tell in a few years'—months'—possibly weeks'—time?

Unless you are caring for your hair—unless you are giving it a daily two-minutes' "Harlene Hair-Drill," it will assuredly tell the terrible story of the mirror on the right of this picture.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

This danger is not at some far-distant day—it is near you now, and Mr. Edwards issues this appeal to the women of England to save their hair before it is too late. Unless you start now—to-day—your simple "Harlene Hair-Drill," you stand in danger of losing all your tresses. It does not matter if your hair is strong and vigorous to-day—it does not matter if it always has been healthy—unless you start now to give it the treatment it demands, it will, sooner or later—possibly within a few weeks or so—begin to show signs of neglect. These are the signs of hair health failing:—

Hair falling out.
Brittle hair.
Losing its elasticity.
Losing its gloss and lustre.
Splitting at ends.
Becoming faded and grey.
Falling out literally in handfuls.

If none of these symptoms have shown themselves as yet, do not delude yourself into thinking that all is well with your hair.

Many women—and men too—in the past have thought so to their sorrow. There is an appalling increase of baldness in England to-day, due to this mistaken feeling of security. Mr. Edwards receives daily scores of letters from ladies and gentlemen imploring him to save them from hair-poverty.

Here is a valuable free gift which will enable you to look fearlessly in your mirror, and banish all thought of hair-poverty. By filling in the coupon below you may obtain free this valuable Triple Toilet Outfit: (1) A Bottle of Harlene for the Hair; (2) A Packet of Cremex Shampoo for the Scalp; (3) A Copy of Mr. Edwards' Private Book of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

THE ONLY REMEDY.

But why hair-poverty at all?

Mr. Edwards has been able to restore the health and strength to some hundreds of thousands of heads of hair by the use of "Harlene Hair-Drill." But he appeals to you not to wait until your hair has begun to suffer; he appeals to you to start now, while your hair is healthy, and guard against all the perils which beset your hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" not only insures your hair against all the dangers which threaten it; it will positively restore your hair's health, even after years of neglect or improper treatment. Even if your hair has been poor for years, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make it strong and vigorous.

Even if you were quite bald, "Harlene Hair-Drill" can and will give you once more gleaming, flowing tresses with the natural glow of health.

So appalling is the increase in hair-poverty and baldness in England to-day, that many people have come to regard falling and thinning hair as natural and unpreventable. Mr. Edwards, with the authority of a Royal Hair Specialist, tells you that it is not natural and *is* preventable, and he appeals to you to concern yourself to-day with your hair's health.

It is because he so earnestly wishes all ladies and gentlemen to enjoy perfect hair-health that he makes the astonishing free offer printed at the bottom of this announcement.

NATURE'S OWN HAIR-GROWER.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is Nature's own hair-grower. It is not a chemical stimulant forcing an unnatural growth. Nature rebels against such treatment. Mr. Edwards couples with his appeal a warning against the use of chemical "hair-forcers."

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders.

Just by practising "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes every day (as shown in the book given with each Free Toilet Outfit), you remove the following hair ill-health conditions:

—Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
—Partial or Patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the Temples.
—Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is a printed coupon.

Fill it up and send it (with threepence in stamps to pay postage of return Outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Grower Toilet Outfit. It contains:

1. A trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, **Harlene for the Hair.**
2. A packet of **Cremex for the Scalp,** a delightful shampoo powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the scalp from scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' Private Book of **"Hair-Drill" Rules,** which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell Harlene for the Hair in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; Cremex in 1*s.* boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2*d.*; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

This Coupon entitles you to One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit Free.

To
THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn,
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, by return of post, a Presentation Toilet Outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose threepence in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world (foreign stamps accepted).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

....

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ILLUSTRATED

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"PRESTON ST. MARY," SURBITON (in absolutely the best part of this favourite residential neighbourhood and within 2 miles of several golf courses).—To be SOLD, a fine Freehold RESIDENCE,

UNEQUALLED IN THE DISTRICT.

Approached by carriage drive, and containing 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 2 staircases, 3 elegant reception rooms, fine billiard room, conservatory, and ample offices.

STABLING FOR 3, COACH-HOUSE AND GARAGE (with pit and charging board), MAN'S LIVING ROOMS.

BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-DISPLAYED GROUNDS,

including broad terraced walk, stone balustrading, lawns, rosary, fruit garden, glass-houses, etc., in all about 1¼ ACRES. Additional land could be purchased.—Full particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

AN ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

G.C. RY., 30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

BUCKS AND HERTS BORDERS.—To be LET, UNFURNISHED, or SOLD, this substantially built and thoroughly modernised old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in grounds of remarkable beauty, intersected by River Chess, affording a

LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING.

Lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms, 11 bed, and 3 bathrooms.

CONSIDERABLE OAK PANELLING.

Stabling, garage, cottages, farmery. Grandly timbered gardens and grounds of 15 acres, velvety lawns, wooded island, kitchen garden, glass; gas and water laid on; near station and golf.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EXCELLENT HUNTING.

WARWICK (6 miles from, close to village, and about 2 miles from a station in this excellent hunting centre).—To be LET, UNFURNISHED, on Lease, possibly with option to Purchase, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with all modern conveniences; very pretty gardens of about 2 acres, and, if required,

20 ACRES OF EXCELLENT GRASSLAND.

14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, drawing, dining, and morning rooms, servants' hall, and offices.

EXTENSIVE STABLING FOR 7 OR MORE HORSES,

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CHESHIRE (2½ miles from L. and N.W. Ry. station).—For the Hunting Season, this comfortable and beautifully appointed COUNTRY RESIDENCE in parklands of about 30 ACRES.

3 large reception, boudoir, 15 bed, 3 baths. Stabling for 10. Garages. Men's rooms. Electric light, telephone. Company's water.

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OCCUPYING A FINE SITUATION ON HIGH GROUND, overlooking Mounts Bay, and with delightful views. The RESIDENCE is approached by 2 long drives, one with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: fine central hall with oak floor for dancing, 4 spacious reception rooms, large billiard room, some 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, and excellent offices, etc.; ample stabling, coach-houses, coachman's and gardener's cottages, etc.; delightfully timbered pleasure-grounds, with large lawns and shrubberies, many rare trees and plants of a sub-tropical nature in sheltered places, large walled kitchen and fruit gardens, etc., the area to be Let with the House being about 7 acres. The Property is surrounded by a well-timbered Estate, thus rendering the house and grounds secluded and retired. Climate cool in summer and extremely mild and equable in winter. Church, post, and telegraph, ¼ mile; railway and town (Penzance), 1½ miles. Foxhounds in immediate neighbourhood. — Full particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,536)

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IN A PINE DISTRICT, 400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
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UNDER 40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.
TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED.

BERKS (about 5 minutes from the river).—The above charming old Black-and-White FARMHOUSE, containing some very old oak beams; records of the house dating back to 1257. It contains: 6 reception rooms, including music room with minstrels' gallery, billiard room, 10 best bedrooms, 15 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc. ACETYLENE GAS. BUNGALOW. COTTAGE.
STABLING FOR 4 OR 6. MOTOR GARAGE.
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TO BE SOLD.
OCCUPIES A QUIET POSITION, 15 MINUTES FROM THE STATION.

IT IS ARTISTICALLY DESIGNED, and the accommodation includes: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light; Company's water; main drainage. EXTREMELY PRETTY GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1 ACRE.— Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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BERKS (about 41 miles from London).—An attractive well-furnished RESIDENCE, situated in a high position and approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge. It contains: 5 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 14 bedrooms and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; acetylene gas is laid on; stabling for 4; garage; very pretty gardens, 2 tennis courts, in all about 25 acres.—For further particulars and orders to view, apply Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 2,007)

TO BE SOLD, OR MIGHT BE LET, FURNISHED,
ON LONG LEASE.
SUSSEX. AN IDEAL OLD AND RESTORED COTTAGE.
HALF TIMBERED IN OAK AND CONTAINING OAK BEAMS AND INGLENOOK.

IT STANDS HIGH, is well sheltered, and enjoys magnificent views. There is a long carriage drive with avenue, and the accommodation comprises: drawing room (21ft. by 14ft.), smoking room (12ft. by 12ft.), small entrance hall, dining room (14ft. by 14ft.). On the first floor, 6 bedrooms, new bathroom, 2 boxrooms.
LARGE GARAGE AND SMALL PONY STABLE.
Garden extending to about ½ acre, kitchen garden, small orchard, 14 acres, all grass, divided into 3 fields; good trees shelter the Property from the north. GOLF LINKS WITHIN 3 MILES.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (5,593)

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A GENTLEMAN'S ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, standing 100 yards back from quiet bye road: bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom; farmhouse and buildings, cottages, etc.; delightful grounds of 3 acres. A low price will be taken for immediate Sale, or the House would be Sold with from 2 acres upwards.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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THE FINE OLD FAMILY SEAT known as "ALDON," on the Somerset and Dorset Borders, 1½ miles from Yeovil Junction, and 2 miles from Yeovil (G.W.R.). Approached by long carriage drive; 2 lodges; lovely woodland walks, wide-spreading lawns and gardens, 11 or 26 acres; 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 or 5 reception, fine sitting hall; ample stabling, cottages. To be LET, *Furnished, for 1, 2, or 3 years at a very moderate Rent.*—For further particulars of this charming Property, which *has never before been* to, apply to the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.; and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—In a choice position, standing 300ft. above sea level, with beautiful views.

FOR SALE.—An exceptionally fine RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of 225 ACRES.
Beautiful modern house, approached by carriage drive with lodge: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; Company's water; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling, garage; cottages, farm-buildings.
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Immediately facing sea; standing to the edge of cliff; private steps to the beach.

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Close to charming old-world village.
Under an hour from London.

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FOR SALE, Freehold, with about 100 acres of land (mostly grass), this beautiful old-world MANSION (partly Georgian, with portions considerably older); modernised as regards accommodation and fittings, but with all the old characteristics unimpaired. About 20 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, noble suite of reception rooms, billiard room and complete domestic offices; the beautiful grounds include lovely lawns and flower gardens, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, etc.; electric light; main water supply, modern sanitation, etc.; 7 cottages, large garage, stabling, valuable gravel pits, etc. Only 35 minutes from London, yet absolutely rural.—Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

KENT.—In a high position amidst lovely country with glorious views.

£3,500.—FOR SALE, a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, full of old oak beams, and surrounded by grandly timbered gardens and parklike pasture of about
12½ ACRES.
Porch, large lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, good offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.
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SURROUNDED BY GARDENS AND PADDOCK. 2 ACRES.

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MAGNIFICENTLY SITUATED.

It contains: drawing room, panelled dining room, usual offices, and 4 bedrooms. There is garage with pit, shed for pony, capital gardens and grounds of about 2¾ ACRES, including good lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens, and paddock. FOR SALE. —Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 14,456)

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FAVOURITE SOUTH COAST. CHICHESTER DISTRICT.—3 reception, 9 bed and dressing bath; Company's water; croquet lawn, etc.

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CHILTERN HILLS (Great Missenden district; 650ft. up). — Delightfully situated FREEHOLD PROPERTY: 5 bed, 2 reception, bath; gardens and meadow-land, 8 ACRES; small farmery; motor garage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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Unrivalled situation. Near famous golf links. Billiard and 4 reception rooms, 25 bed, dressing, and bathrooms; ample stabling.

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A BEAUTIFUL SMALL ESTATE.

25 acres, finely timbered. High ground. Gravel soil. Glorious views. South aspect. Would be Let on Lease.

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WILTS. — An imposing stone-built RESIDENCE: 4 handsome reception, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; electric light, radiators; long drive, stabling, farmery, garage: 2 cottages. BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARK OF 26 ACRES. Bargain, £5,500.—Box M 16, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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RENT, £250. Premium for improvements.—Box WG 3, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES, WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

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A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Within 5 minutes of golf links, railway station, and post office.

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180 ACRES.

28 bed and dressing rooms, lounge hall, billiard, 2 bath, and 3 handsome reception rooms; excellent stabling for 16 horses; 3 cottages; home farm. Price, £18,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

SUFFOLK (near Saxmundham and Aldeburgh-on-Sea).—A choice RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL, and SPORTING ESTATE; very superior Residence: lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 14 bed and dressing rooms.

VERY PRETTY PLEASURE GROUNDS and PARKLANDS.

compact farms with farmhouses and buildings; let to responsible tenants.

450 ACRES,

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SHEPPERTON-ON-THAMES (45 minutes from Town). — A beautiful QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE: handsome lounge hall, 4 well-proportioned reception rooms, 11 good bedrooms; stabling, garage, 2 cottages; fascinating pleasure grounds of 3 ACRES, renowned for their beauty and compared to those at Hampton Court; gas, main water; gravel soil.

BARGAIN, £3,500.

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THE GROUNDS ARE A SPECIAL FEATURE.

Beautiful lawns, flower beds, kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock of 3 ACRES: stabling, garage; ELECTRIC LIGHT, MAIN WATER; golf, hunting. Price, £3,500, or near offer.

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THE IMPOSING AND BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE is in absolutely perfect order throughout, and contains: 2 large lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms.

NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 35 ACRES.

Excellent stabling, motor garage, 11 cottages; hot-water radiators, main water, acetylene gas. BARGAIN, £8,000. Actual income from cottages, fruit and land, £174 2s. per annum.

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30 ACRES.

Capital stabling for 6; farmery; bailiff's house; 3 cottages; shooting and hunting.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

FOR SALE AT HALF COST.

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Bargain, £2,750 (cost double).

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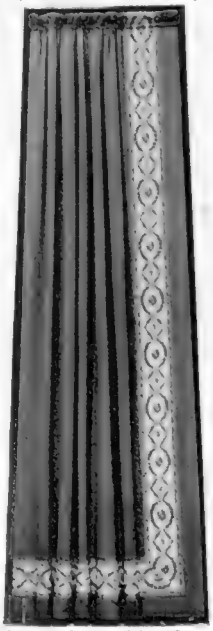

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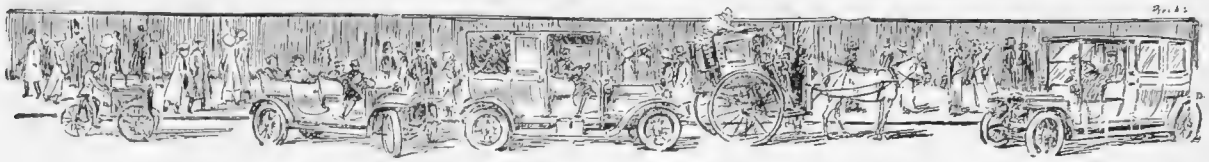

By MRS. JACK MAY

Practical and Inexpensive Velveteen Teagowns

IN attacking this imminent need in its entirety, the presiding head of the outfitting department has shown unquestionable wisdom. We all want a warm teagown, and, moreover, as quickly as possible, and with little or no trouble attached to its acquisition. All points have fallen under careful consideration at Tottenham House, together with the acceptance that tastes are many and various. And the boast is no vain one that at Shoolbreds there are models to suit all fancies and purses, the prices ranging from 45*s.* 6*d.* to 5 gns. As we are only able to give a single illustration, choice was accorded a gown at 89*s.* 6*d.*, the actual model sketched being in a delightful dead-leaf brown velveteen. On these the little touches of decorative relief are extremely good, the upper part of the corsage opening with small revers, faced brown silk, and revealing a dainty little guimpe of fine lace, mounted on net, the points of the lace meeting at regular intervals beneath a wee brown silk-covered button.

Some Details of Interest

The folded belt is also of silk, and over this in front there falls a loose *motif* of black lace, worked with parti-coloured silks, the whole suggesting an Eastern embroidery. At the base of the three-quarter length sleeve this lace is repeated in the form of a cuff daintily finished at the back, with two *coquilles* of narrow ivory lace and narrow strappings of the silk. Now, this is the type of gown for tea one so gladly substitutes for heavy winter outdoor wear, and which can quite well be retained for a quiet home dinner. Another style is planned to open all the way down the front like a coat, and looks particularly well in wine-red velveteen with a black satin sash and lace chemisette, a square-shaped collar giving a becoming breadth to the shoulders. A large shawl-shaped collar, imparting a *cachet* to the simple elegance of the model, is procurable at 45*s.* 6*d.* But the whole *galère* invites inspection, and the earlier the visit the better, for such wares do not stand long on the order of their selling.

Evening Gowns

As *La Mode* continues to work out her sartorial salvation in due sympathy with the season's needs, the impression gained is how truly independent in thought and ultimate expression are our present-day *couturières*. No single period is faithfully represented, but there is to be noted in respect of evening gowns, in particular, a certain subtlety that is essentially feminine. Some of the most lovely evening creations are to be found at Kate Reily's.

A BECOMING TEAGOWN

Of dead-leaf brown velveteen, with little touches of decorative relief

(Sketched at Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Road, by Dorothy Millar)

Gracious Models

There is a singular graciousness about the models at Kate Reily's, 11-12, Dover Street, which are, besides, sufficiently varied in style to appeal to many tastes. In several instances a *manteau de soie* accompanies the gown, and spells the last word in luxury. A case in point is an extremely elegant gown of ivory chiffon velvet, on which a flounce of fine black net, worked over in a lace design with tiny opaque white beads, is carried down one side the front to the hem, where it curves off to meet a band of dark brown fur. The *crêpe* chiffon corsage is charmingly treated with straps of embroidery *à la Grecque*, these passing a deep folded *ceinture* of black satin. The accompanying coat is black satin, lined black *panne*, or the description would be equally true if one said a black *panne* lined white satin, for this wrap is reversible, and so beautifully *souple* almost anything can be done with it.

Extraordinarily beautiful alike in colouring and *ligne*—the latter of the simplest character—is a mediæval blue and gold brocade, the *jupe* melting into a corsage of gold lace, veiled in blue chiffon, a cluster of dull red roses and peonies thrust through the folds of the corsage at the right side effecting a delightful touch.

AN ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR AN AFTERNOON BLOUSE

Expressed in black-and-white lace ingeniously commingled, with the "pièce de résistance" of long, close-fitting sleeves and a quaint finish at the back of the waist composed of black velvet, stitched with crystal buttons

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Value of Drapery

A draped skirt of wholly individual character at once serves to carry a black velvet toilette entirely out of the realms of the ordinary, this drapery occurring at one side the front, quite at the foot. A closely worked *dimanté* net is the chief ingredient of the bodice, hung with festoons of fine cut-jet beads; while in quite a different vein is an emerald-green soft satin over a petticoat of silver lace, the latter also fashioning the lower half of the bodice, softly veiled with green *tulle*, the little *tulle* sleeves being trimmed with narrow lines of grey *dimanté*, two magnificent *dimanté* birds catching up the drapery of the skirt and corsage respectively.

Exactly harmonising in tone is a *charmeuse* theatre wrap, trimmed with insertions of extremely coarse-dyed lace mounted clear over a sulphur-coloured *doublure*. And just one other cloak claims descriptive notice. This is an ivory *charmeuse* mounted in a curious round at the back on to a Magyar of heavy ivory *ninon* brocaded in gold, the neck set into a handsome skunk collar. Kate Reily has a reputation to live up to that is second to none, and right royally are those in command fulfilling the task.

Concerning Furnishing Fabrics

A few hints as to the vogues in furnishing fabrics seldom come amiss at this time of the year. A fact Hampton's, Pall Mall East, supply in notably able fashion in a recently issued and copiously illustrated catalogue. The illustrations are all coloured, which very materially aids selection, although, of course, the picture merely touches the fringe of the subject. An interesting tapestry design is the "Willoughby," especially suitable for seventeenth-century decorations, the "Corunna" being a fine and singularly accurate reproduction of old Portuguese needlework. Ideal for winter curtains is Hampton's Trafalgar *velour*, a rich quality that runs 50in. wide, and is only 2*s.* 11*d.* the yard.

Down Quilts

Down quilts form an important feature, and one very apropos of the moment. Not only are these filled with pure down, but the coverings, whether of down proof sateen, sarsenet silk, or all silk satin, evidence that good taste so long associated with the name of Hampton, while many are exclusive to the firm. But lest this should bring the impression that the cost is proportionately high, it may, perhaps, be well to mention that the first price for single beds is 8*s.* 6*d.* This, in a down proof-printed sateen, filled Arctic down, a double-bed size, 6ft. by 5ft., coming out at 10*s.* 9*d.* The catalogue in question, which, by the way, can be had for the asking at Pall Mall, also lays big emphasis on Hampton's "Sunland" fabrics, small samples of which are attached to the page specially dealing with that matter.

A Chat on Skin Foods

We are just upon entering what is to many skins the most trying period of the year. The constant change

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THE SILK OF ALL SILKS

For Ladies' Shirts and Blouses.

Made in over 100 different designs and colours.

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22½ in. wide **1/11¾** per yard.

No. 14 BB.
Ideal "Spungola" Silk Shirt.
With Raglan Sleeves, Pocket, fastens front, with new French Artist Bow. In 100 different Coloured Stripes on Ivory Ground, also Ivory. Price **14/11**
Also in Viyella, in 135 different Heather and Plain Stripes, also Sky, Navy, Heliotrope, Black, and Ivory. Price **10/11** (including Silk Tie).

No. 13 BB.
No. 13 BB. Tailored "Spungola" Silk Shirt.
Price **12 9** (including Silk Tie).
American Yoke, fastens front, and fitted with Double Detachable Collar. In 100 different Coloured Stripes on Ivory Ground, also Ivory.
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of atmosphere frequently jumping from sharp nipping frost to enervating heat, causes terrible havoc to skins that are in the very least degree sensitive. To the sportswoman the care now necessary is made very clear, a long day in the saddle or on the links leaving a legacy behind in roughness and redness, the dire aspect of which is, perhaps, only made really manifest when evening attire has to be donned. That pleasant but, alas! baleful sponge of water must be more than ever sternly avoided, a capital substitute being "Clenzene," a preparation of the Cyclax Company, of 58, South Molton Street, W. This, like all the other preparations here, is of guaranteed purity, prepared for a specific end. As also their skin food, a splendid feeding emollient, that builds up relaxed tissues and restores the rounded contours of youth, although the treasured basis of operations here is the special lotion. This is the hub on which everything turns, and which has established the fame of the Cyclax remedies in the four corners of the globe.

A Chief Item in Good Dressing

The facilities for buying clothes are now so simple, and the opportunities so prolific, the effort is almost mechanical. To use a colloquialism, "any fool can be well dressed to-day." Where the cleverness comes in is in always keeping one's raiment in spotless perfection. Once summer possessions were carefully packed away for the following year. But time and progress has entirely evaporated the uses of that procedure, since the *modes* of this year are usually the *démodes* of next. No, the woman who controls her wardrobe wisely, will carefully consider the possibilities of continuing the services of any possessions she may have in hand, working out the necessary season metamorphoses by dyeing, and certainly cleaning. In any case, the latter should be employed if there is any idea at all that the stored garment will provide further service. And cleaning, of course, as practised by Messrs. Campbell, of Perth, is a fine art. As is likewise their dyeing. The processes they employ throughout are modern, and of the best, but they are not of those who believe in quick dyeing. On the other hand, the results achieved by them entirely dispel any objection to the process. There is no evidence of the treatment in anything dyed by this firm, while their system of dry-cleaning enables the most elaborate confections to be attacked, without a stitch being undone, or the least injury to the most fugitive colour.

Dyeing Successes

They are having the most gratifying success with the dyeing of the light, soft wool materials worn during the summer, also with satins. The latter are treated in some manner by which the fabric is not only preserved, but afforded a rich and brilliant finish. The sterner sex, too, are ably catered for, expert knowledge and experience returning suits cleansed and tailor-pressed and in every way equal to new, while to the housewife the fact that eiderdown quilts are submitted to special appliances and completely rejuvenated is to be kept well in mind. For prices, see the catalogue issued for the season by P. and P. Campbell, and procurable direct from the establishment at Perth.

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Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and harmless method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth. She has never had a failure, and her treatment, which is quite unique, can be perfectly carried out by ladies in their own homes.

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is the ideal drink for the Business Man, the Barrister, the Medical Practitioner, the Sportsman, and the Club man. These all know the value—and the scarcity—of a good stimulant. Indian tea furnishes such a reliable and safe stimulant. The stimulation extends from the lowest to the highest tissues. It refreshes the tired muscles, it gives vigour to the jaded brain, it aids the co-ordination of hand and eye. Its stimulation of the nervous system is even and balanced, and has no subsequent re-action.

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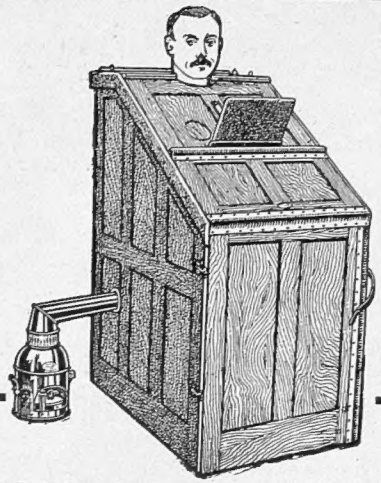

FOOT'S BATH CABINET

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed, and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets possess several exclusive advantages and embrace every desirable feature. No others are so safe or give such entire satisfaction. The following are some points of their superiority:

1st—Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater.
2nd—Adjustable Seat.
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4th—The Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet.
5th—Exit is easy and immediate. No assistant is required.
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Dr. GORDON STABLES says: "FOOT'S BATH CABINET IS THE BEST."

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Write for "Bath Book" No. 22.

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the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to **their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability and Moderate Prices.**

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HAIR COLOURING POWDER

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MONS. GEORGE guarantees to colour the Hair to any perfectly natural shade, leaving the Hair beautifully clean and soft, with his vegetable discovery.

KOPATINE POWDER is a permanent restorer for white, grey, or faded hair. Its success guaranteed. Purely vegetable, absolutely harmless. Can be used on the most delicate skin. One application, simple and easily applied, will not wash or brush off, or soil linen, and stands all weathers. One size only. Sold in tins, **5/6**, post 3d.

MAISON GEORGE, Specialist in Hair Colouring,
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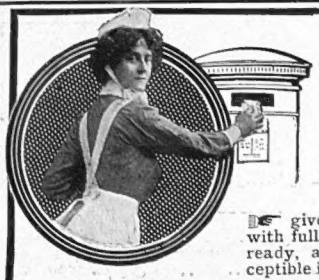

Sent by post—The "Introduction Packet" (size S) of Southalls' Towels.

It facilitates personal test and proves superiority. It contains six assorted Towels and is sent under plain cover. Write to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham, enclosing 6d. in stamps.

SOUTHALLS' TOWELS

☞ give health advantages that are a boon to women, with full security and great comfort. They are always ready, and so light and elastic as to be almost imperceptible in use.

Do not ask for "Sanitary Towels," avoid imitations by asking specially for SOUTHALLS' TOWELS which absorb evenly and are thoroughly antiseptic.

Sold by all Drapers, Ladies Outfitters and Chemists, in packets of 1 dozen, price 6*d.*, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/- Southalls' Compressed Towels, full size in tiny silver boxes—Size A, 1*d.* Size B, 1½*d.* Size C, 2*d.* Size D, 2½*d.*

The Menu: Autumn Vegetables

THE range of vegetables suitable for household use becomes at this time of year very limited, and housekeepers are glad to know of dishes that are a novelty in the menu by means of various ways of cooking. Thus, Brussels sprouts à la Parisienne is quite a different dish from the very ordinary one of simply boiling in water, and, served as a savoury, will, I think, be appreciated.

Brussels Sprouts à la Parisienne

Wash some young sprouts and put them into boiling water with a lump of butter, a little salt, a piece of soda the size of a pea, and a bouquet garni. When they are cooked, take them out and drain them. Have ready some good white stock and rich béchamel sauce—half a pint of each—the yolk of an egg, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice; put all these into a stewpan and stir over the fire till it is all well blended and the thickness of rich cream. Mix in the sprouts, and then dish them up; garnish with fried croûtons cut in the shape of hearts, mask the sprouts over with some Parmesan cheese, and sprinkle the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, which has been passed through a wire sieve, over the centre of the sprouts, and serve.

Artichoke Bottoms à la Carème

Wash the artichokes thoroughly. Boil them till they are nearly tender; drain them, remove the middle leaves and the chokes, and lay in each a little of a forcemeat composed of six oysters, one sardine, two anchovies, and a few shrimps or prawns or pieces of lobster, all minced finely together and put into a sauce made of a grated tablespoonful of horseradish, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, a tablespoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of capers, and one gill of white sauce. Let this boil up, then stir in the fish mixture, fill the artichokes, and bake in the oven till tender and done. Garnish with fried parsley.

Haricot Beans à la Maître d'Hôtel

Soak a pint of haricot beans overnight in cold water with a very small piece of soda. Drain off the water and put the beans in a stewpan with about 2oz. of butter or beef dripping. Let them get thoroughly hot, add enough stock or water to well cover, boil slowly till tender. Peel and mince a small onion, cut a rasher of bacon into strips, and fry it in a shallow pan, then put in the onion and stir over the fire for a few minutes, just to brown the onion slightly. Now add this to the beans, season with salt and pepper. Cook for a few minutes longer, stir occasionally to prevent burning. Dish up and sprinkle over a little chopped parsley, and serve.

Baked Spanish Onions

Peel two or three large onions, remove the cores and put in their place some butter, pepper, and salt; bake them, with a thin piece of paper round each, for an hour, or till quite done, in a slow oven. When done, dish up with some good brown gravy poured round. This dish is an excellent accompaniment to roast mutton.

Potatoes in Cases

Bake as many potatoes as may be required, and when done cut a small piece from the top of each and with a spoon scoop out the insides. Mash them smoothly and pass through a sieve; mix with this 1oz. of butter and a gill of cream. Put it into a stewpan over a slow fire to boil, and during the time stir quickly in the whites of two eggs whipped to a very stiff froth; then fill the potato skins with the mixture, bake quickly in the oven, and serve on a folded napkin.

EMILIA

OETZMANN & CO LTD.

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(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road.)

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Capacity, two pints. Very fine Old Sheffield Reproduction. Silver-plated on Copper £2 18 6

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As Illustrated, and in a variety of other designs to be cleared at

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Case of Six Heavily Silver-plated Apostle Teaspoons.

A 1 quality 3/11

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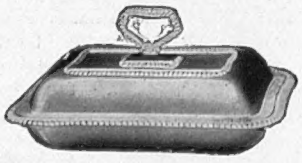
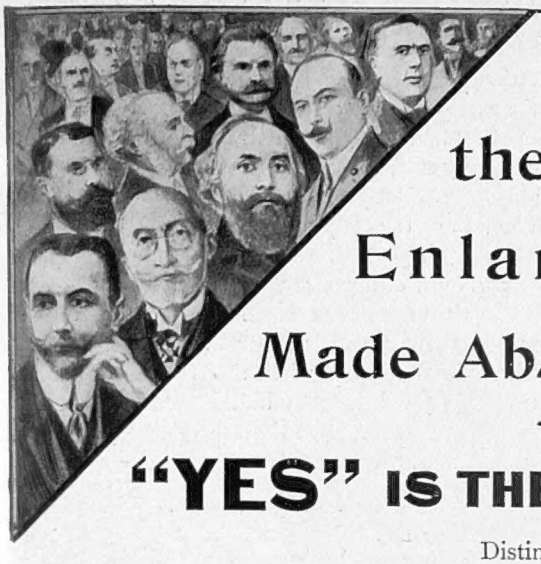


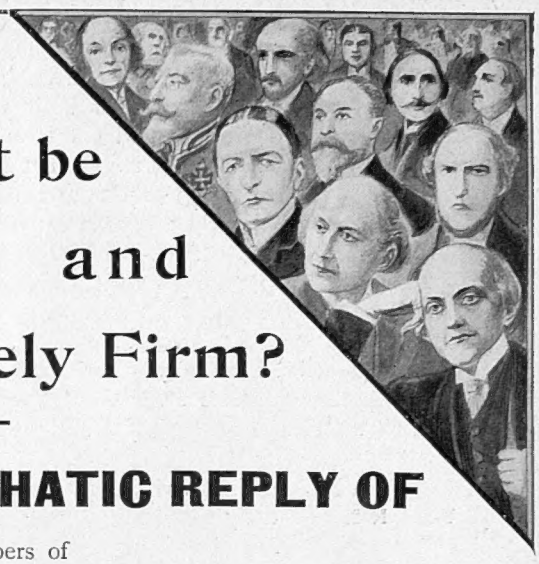
A I quality Silver-plated Entrée Dish.

Fitted with handsome Gadroon mounts 35/-

Usual price, 63/-



CAN the Bust be Enlarged and Made Absolutely Firm?



"YES" IS THE EMPHATIC REPLY OF

Distinguished Members of

THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE OF PARIS.

The Marvellous Scientific Discovery of an Eminent French Scientist Solves the Problem, and after test is enthusiastically endorsed by thirty leading physicians.

A soft, flabby, hanging bust is just as unnatural and humiliating for a woman as no bust at all. In either case she lacks the health and beauty of perfect womanhood, to the attainment of which a firm, well-developed bust is absolutely essential.

Yet, can a soft, hanging bust be made absolutely firm and solid? Can a firm, full bust be created on a flat chest?

These are the questions that were asked a large number of distinguished members of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. At first they shook their heads. But when they had seen, examined, and tested the remarkable discovery of Professor R. Muller, made by him after more than 30 years of scientific study and research, their unanimous and emphatic reply was, "YES, ANY WOMAN CAN NOW OBTAIN A PERFECT BUST."

To prove its genuine value in all cases, Professor Muller's marvellous discovery was put to the most severe tests. It was tried upon women who were absolutely flat-chested, and in 3 to 5 weeks they had all obtained full, beautiful busts. It was next tried on young girls, and even a more rapid enlargement was produced. It was then tried upon a number of women between the ages of 30 and 50, whose busts were soft, hanging, or flabby, and this marvellous method quickly built up these lifeless busts into firm, rounded mounds of beautiful flesh. It was next decided to submit this great discovery to the most crucial test possible by trying it upon women who were past 60 years of age, and who had given up all hope of ever obtaining beautiful busts. Yet the seemingly impossible was accomplished, and its instant success in these cases far surpassed even the discoverer's most sanguine expectations. The remarkable flesh-growing power of this method was then demonstrated by showing that it would produce an enlargement on the leg, back, or any part of the body to which it was applied.

Dr. Berchom, of Paris, declares: "I have used this method, and can certify that the experiments made are positive realities. It produces a certain and gradual development of that part of the body which it is desired to enlarge."

Dr. Madet, of Paris, says: "The experiments I have made upon some of my clients proved the rapid and lasting rejuvenation of the tissues from the point of view of both strength and vitality." Dr. Rallier, of Paris, says: "At a time when more than ever social conditions appear to be injurious to the perfect development of women; when for many reasons they are unable to nurse their children or are badly formed from youth, the Neuzonic Method, I am sure, has power to render a great service in replacing what Nature has denied them." Dozens of other physicians make similar statements.

When distinguished members of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris approve by their written endorsements of the remarkable discovery of Professor Muller for creating a perfect bust, even where none existed before, can you for a single moment doubt its wonderful flesh-growing power? These eminent scientists have given their opinion, after seeing with their own eyes the actual tests of the Neuzonic Method. Such a mass of authoritative opinion has a tremendous weight that must give confidence to every undeveloped woman who longs to make her bust well rounded and firm. But you can judge for yourself. The test will tell. Arrangements have just been concluded for furnishing to every lady reader of THE BYSTANDER who uses the special coupon below within 10 days' time complete information regarding Professor Muller's marvellous scientific discovery, absolutely free, and we strongly advise readers who wish to benefit by this exceptional opportunity to send the free coupon to-day with two penny stamps to help cover posting expenses. *The flesh-growing power of this method is so extraordinary that it should not be used on any part of the body where new flesh is not actually desired.*

SPECIAL FREE COUPON

FOR PERFECT BUST DEVELOPMENT

Without the use of Internal Remedies, Exercises, Massage, Lotions, Wooden Cups, or Harmful Processes of any Kind.

Cut out this coupon to-day and send, with your name and address (or write and mention No. 2207A), enclosing two penny stamps to help cover cost of posting, to ACADEMIE NEUZONIC (Dept. 2207A), St. George's House, Regent Street, London, W., and you will receive complete information by return post, under plain sealed cover, on *How to Make Your Bust Well Rounded and Firm in 3 Weeks.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ACETYLENE: ITS USES AND ADVANTAGES

I HAD heard so much of the many advantages of Acetylene, and the uses to which it is nowadays put, that I decided to find out for myself what it is, and, in fact, all about it. To obtain the information I sought, however, was not nearly so easy as I had anticipated. Nearly everyone I asked, of course, was acquainted with Acetylene in some form or other, many had experienced its various uses, but none seemed really to *know* anything about it. At last, however, I lighted upon Mr. Alec D. Saville, Manager of Acetylene Publicity, Limited, who had every detail connected with the gas at his finger-tips. From him I obtained all that I had been vainly striving to learn.

What It Is

A simple, colourless gas, apparently much like any other gas, Acetylene is yet one of the most remarkable sources of light. One of its greatest recommendations is the simplicity with which the gas can be obtained. Given the generator, into which are placed a few fragments of Calcium Carbide and some water, you have your gas. Directly the water is brought into contact with the Carbide, there is a rush of bubbles. These bubbles are the gas which, after being conducted to purification through pipes up to a suitable burner, gives the brilliant and soft light which is always connected with Acetylene. Acetylene is cheap, safe, and gives a light similar in character and quality to that of the sun, so that, and this will appeal specially to women, colours can be judged and matched by it as by daylight.

For Lighting Purposes

In days gone by there were always difficulties with country-house lighting where no gas supply was available, but Acetylene surmounted all these. Candles and lamps are dirty and unsatisfactory, and the expense of electric lighting is big, when one considers the dynamos, storage batteries, and the many other necessary accessories. Acetylene, on the other hand, requires little apparatus, and a few minutes daily suffice to keep the whole plant in proper working order. No special skill is required—a gardener, a stableman, or the owner of the house himself can do all that is required. And—a great item this—Acetylene is cheaper than either electric or petroleum lighting. Motorists bless Acetylene light. There is a certain fascination about night-driving at any time, but this is considerably enhanced when the road, for a quarter of a mile ahead, is brilliantly illuminated by the use of Acetylene headlights. But the use of Acetylene as a lighting medium is unlimited.

For Cookery and Heating

Perhaps less widely known is cooking by Acetylene. In the past it has not been possible to recommend it for cooking and heating as there have not hitherto been suitable appliances for the purpose. Now, however, any home, no matter how far from civilisation, by the introduction of one of the modern specially devised stoves, can enjoy the luxury of cooking by gas, with its convenience, cleanliness, and freedom from excessive heat. The stove is always ready to light, and is simply operated. Strike a match, turn on the gas, and the fire is made instantly. The cook in a household where there is installed one of these stoves will be far happier and more contented than her sister who has to cook by an old-fashioned coal fire. And probably she will show this by the excellence of the dishes which she turns out. There are other uses too numerous to mention to which Acetylene may be put, but I have filled the small amount of space at my disposal. But of one thing I am quite convinced, and that is that Acetylene has come to stay.

RONALD MASSEY

The Editor's Box

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

This week the visitors to the Royal Artillery Theatre are Mr. Herbert Sleath and his company in *A White Man*. Next week the well-known Turner's Opera Company will be the attraction.

Broadway Theatre, New Cross

The Quaker Girl is this week paying a visit to the Broadway Theatre. This pretty musical play should attract large audiences from the residents of the neighbourhood.

New Theatrical Paper

We have now received the second issue of a new paper devoted to theatrical matters, called *Theatreland*. There are several good articles by well-known people, and altogether the paper is interesting and bright. Should *Theatreland* succeed in developing a real individuality of its own, it ought to enjoy considerable success.

"Viyella," the Unshrinkable

In connection with the new Army order recently issued, whereby "khaki" is to be used for shirts, etc., it is interesting to note the new regulation shades in "Viyella," the ideal and unshrinkable material. Of course, in addition to these "khaki" shades, "Viyella" may be obtained in many plain colourings as well as in stripes, etc., in light, medium, and heavy weights suitable for all climates.

To Hunting Readers

Our hunting readers would do well to visit the establishment of Messrs. Tautz and Co., the well-known sporting and colonial tailors, whose only address is 12, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, W. Our representative recently inspected some very elegant productions at this firm's showrooms, and was much struck with several new specialities for the season. The beautiful materials and workmanship, combined with the perfect style and appearance of the garments, showed beyond doubt that the firm have become justly famous, as they are, indeed, well-skilled in their craft. Messrs. Tautz specialise in leathers, coats, vests, and breeches, and also do a very extensive colonial trade. Ladies are also well catered for, in the way of habits, ride-astride or side-saddle, and breeches in gazelle, antelope, and reindeer leathers, also in elastic cloths. "The Grafton Cleaning Fluid and Renovator" is a special preparation made and sold by Messrs. Tautz and Co. for cleaning scarlet coats. It can be used with the greatest simplicity, and its results are, indeed, surprising.

A Delightful Smoke

To anyone who is a judge of a good smoke the world-famous "State Express" Cigarettes cannot fail to appeal. They are manufactured by the Ardath Tobacco Company, Ltd., and are made under perfect hygienic conditions. They are thereby rendered as healthy smoking as can be desired. Their wide popularity is sufficient evidence of their excellent quality, and the No. 555 "State Express" is retailed at 4*s.* 9*d.* per 100. The cigarettes may be obtained also in fifties, twenty-fives, and tens, at 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 3*d.*, and 6*d.* respectively.